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ἀληθεύων ἐν ἀγάπῃ.—Speaking the truth in love.

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Staccato.

A GENTLEMAN who was Dr. Joachim's host on one occasion, tells that his little boy was interested in hearing the violin, but did not appreciate or approve of the selection of classical music chosen; so, one day, my friend coming into the room when his guest was supposed to be trying some musical compositions, found his hopeful little son of six years old seated on a stool in front of the doctor, whistling "The Death of Nelson," very carefully and slowly. "I asked him to play it for me on his fiddle," explained the lad, "but he said he didn't know it, and I am whistling it to him;" and, sure enough, there was the great artist intent on making out the air on his violin to please the boy, who was, of course, delighted.

Miss Houler. "And pray, tell me truly, professor, what do you think of my voice?"

Professor. "Excusez-moi, mademoiselle. I positivelee could not be so incurteous."

THE TIME FOR THE DRUM.—"Dear John," wrote the wife, "I am sorry to say Willie fell out of a swing yesterday and disabled himself. He will not be able to use his arms for a month—so the doctor says. He is getting along all right, but it makes him restless to stay in-doors. When you return from the city, please bring him something he can amuse himself with."

"Willie," said the father kindly, as he patted the little boy consolingly on the head the next day, "I have brought you that drum I promised you a year or two ago you should have some time."

BURST HIS COAT.—One evening Carlotta Patti sang in a large town. Just as Ferranti, the buffo, was leading her out of the door upon the platform, some one in the ante-room behind cried out to him that his coat had burst at the seam in the back. It was too late to go back, for the audience had seen him, and the two singers advanced to the footlights. The knowledge of this mishap took all the fun out of Ferranti, and the duet—which was sung in Italian—was so dolefully devoid of its usual humour that Patti noticed it before they were half through, and, dropping the text of the duet, she fitted the following words to it, in Italian: "What is the matter with you tonight? I don't understand your nervousness. Nobody laughs at you!"

Whereupon Ferranti, in the mellifluous Italian, responded, "By the saints, I have burst my coat! Everybody will laugh when I go off the stage, if they don't now!"

At this unexpected interchange of personal feelings, Max Maretzek and his orchestra began to laugh immoderately. Then the people in the front seats, seeing the orchestra and the artists laughing, joined in themselves, and the merriment presently broke out into applause all over the house.

"Ah," said one of the papers next morning, "there is always something majestic in Ferranti's singing of that song. People burst into sympathetic laughter without being able to tell why!"

"DOES Miss Hysee sing?" asked a travelling man of a friend, who had just introduced him to a young lady.

"Well, that's largely a matter of faith."

"I don't understand you."

"It depends altogether on which you believe; her mother or her neighbours."

"MUSIC hath charms to soothe the savage breast," and apparently also to induce the domestic mind to resign almost all its wages to buy a piano. At least, so it seems from a case which came into court the other day, from which it appeared that Mary Jane—whose education had been somewhat neglected, she having failed to master the simple arts of reading and writing—had undertaken to purchase a piano by monthly instalments of 12s. 6d. As the damsel in question earned only £13 a year, evidently her love of dress was very much less than her love of music, though it does not transpire whether Mary Jane was a performer herself, or whether it was purely the love of possessing a "pianner," which made her willing to spend so much of her wages every month. The girl's employer obviously sympathized with her musical yearnings, for it was he who came to the court and asked that justice should be given to the girl, who, having already paid £7, returned from the seaside to find her piano taken away because the payments were in arrears.

Ida. "Mamma, why does Herr Butterbrod put that handkerchief under his chin when he plays? Is he afraid of soiling his collar?"

Mamma (with a glance at Herr B.'s linen). "No, dear; he is afraid of soiling his violin."

A PROJECT is under way to have sixty million people of the United States join in singing the "Star-spangled Banner" at a fixed hour on the 4th of July next. Should such a scheme be finally determined upon, about twenty million of our people will sail for Europe in June, and the other forty million would explode cannon crackers during the "fixed hour" on the 4th. But this, come to think about it, would leave no one to do the singing—and it would be just as well.

Mrs. Quarterest. "What is your attitude towards Wagner's art, professor?"

Professor Balder. "Hands over my ears."

A CLOSE observer of human nature who is also something of a philosopher, in speaking of the recent German invention to deaden the sound of a piano, says that next to a machine for deadening pianists the above invention must be considered as a public benefaction as well as an ingenious discovery.

THE following seem to be the latest "things one would rather have left unsaid." A pianist recently spent the evening at the house of a lady. The company was agreeable, and he stayed somewhat late. As he rose to take his departure, the lady said, "Pray, don't go yet, Mr. Jones, I want you to play something for me." "Oh, you must excuse me to-night; it is very late, and I should disturb the neighbours." "Never mind the neighbours," answered the young lady quickly, "they poisoned our dog yesterday."

THE composer of a waltz has hit on the following ingenious mercantile advice: He has announced in the papers abroad that he has been unable to find a suitable name for his opus, and that he will pay £10 to the one who shall make the best suggestion for a name. In order, however, to do this judiciously, the god-father or mother must see the music, and therefore a copy will be sent to any one forwarding one shilling.

Hostess. "Oh, pray don't leave off, Herr Rosencranz—that was a lovely song you just began!"

Eminent Baritone. "Yes, matame—but it tit not harmonize viz de cheneral gonferzation,—it is in B-vlat, and you and all your vrents are talking in G! I haf a zong in F, and a zong in A-vlat, but I haf no zong in G!"

Accompanist. "Ach! Berhaps to opliche matame, I could dransbosh de aggombaniments—ja?"

VARIOUS EFFECTS OF MUSIC.—According to a French critic, at the Parisian garden-concerts Beethoven's music increases the demand for beer among the patrons, Mozart's for absinthe, Offenbach's for champagne, Berlioz' for mineral water. But, when Wagner is played, everybody goes home!

Guest. "Who kept up that terrific pounding on the piano last night?"

Host. "It was next door."

Guest. "A great annoyance, isn't it?"

Host. "I should say that it is. I'd like to play on that piano for about an hour—with a hose."

AT a musical festival, two ladies temporarily vacated their places during an interval, and on their return found a gentleman occupying one of them. They explained that the seats were theirs, but the gentleman claimed them as his.

"But here are our numbered tickets," expostulated the lady.

"And here is mine," replied the "man in possession," producing his.

"But we were here at the 'Creation,' urged the elder lady."

And the gentleman felt he could not continue against such a priority of occupation, so he went away.

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LEADER of the Boggsville male quintet to editor of the Boggsville Herald—What can we do to interest the public in our organization? Editor (without looking up)—Disband.

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POOR THING!—He (turning the music). "Ah, Miss Chestab, I was weeding this mawning that a man in Dwesden, Saxony, had invented a thing faw turning music leaves, don't you know."

She. "Ah, indeed! I wonder if it will be any improvement on the things we have to turn them now, Mr. Peanut?"

He (innocently). "Weally, Miss Chestab, I can't say, don't you know; I have nevah seen them."

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ORPHEUS, it is said, was a musician whose music had power to draw rocks, etc., towards him. We have frequently noticed that the modern organ-grinder possesses the same wonderful faculty.

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AUTOGRAPH hunters will do well to let Hans von Bülow alone. He has engaged a clever young Russian to write replies to such bores for him, and she does so in Russian, generally with a touch of satire, as "Hans von Bülow, commercial traveller in Beethoven."

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Two artists, a violinist and a pianist, recently attended professionally a musical soiree. The violinist played a solo by de Beriot, and the hostess expressed surprise that a performer of his ability should countenance such trash. The two artists put their heads together, and the result was seen when they played an arrangement from "Tristan and Isolde." At the end of the Liebestod motive, the pianist struck the utterly foreign chord of C, the violinist following with that of C sharp. The hostess and her friends listened with rapt appreciation. At the close the pianist said to the hostess, "Did you hear that terrible chord just before the Tristan motive?" She did. "Well," added the conspirator, "that represents Tristan's wailing cry of anguish when he exclaims, 'Let us die together.'" "How expressive," cried the hostess; "how like Wagner! Ah, none but Wagner could have written such expressive music." Then the two practical jokers adjourned to a café, and looked at each other across the table in silence.

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THE authorities of Edinburgh Cathedral have decided to complete their organ, and a contract has been made by Mr. Eustace Ingram, of Holloway, N., for the enlargement and completion of the organ, a work of considerable magnitude, involving reconstruction, including many new stops, with a 32 ft. on pedals, etc. The same builder has just erected an interesting organ in Vines Church, Rochester, and has in hand an instrument for St. Barnabas Church, Holloway, and is completing the fine organ for Holy Trinity Church, Ventnor (3 manuals, pedals, and pneumatic action).

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It is not often that a member of the musical profession attains the position of mayor of the town in which he exercises his profession, but this is the case with Alderman A. G. Leigh, who is organist and choirmaster of St. George's Church, Chorley, and has twice been elected mayor of that town. He has been invited to continue the office a third year, but has declined.

Music in London.

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AN opera, entitled the "Castle of Como," was produced at the Opéra-Comique on Wednesday evening, October the 2nd. The composer, Major George Cockle, Mus. Bac., apparently made his first appearance on any stage, for although his music is tuneful and lively, there are many signs in it of a lack of experience. Mr. Cockle is at present too much of an eclectic; and a medley of styles, especially in an opera, does not work well. The libretto, written by the late Mr. C. Searle, is based upon the old familiar story of the "Lady of Lyons." Of Mr. Cockle's music, it will suffice at present to note the pretty ballet in the first act, and to state that the second of the three acts is by far the best. Mdlle. Rosini Isidor played the part of the heroine with some power. Miss Amy Martin was an excellent Widow Melnotte. Mr. Richard Clarke, the Claude, made the most of his part. There was a good orchestra, conducted with much intelligence by Signor Coronaro, from La Scala, Milan.

Otto Hegner, previous to his departure for America, gave, last month, a series of farewell concerts at St. James's Hall. As in his playing this wonderful boy shows signs of progress, it is sincerely to be hoped that the excitement and fatigue of travel will not prove injurious to his powers, physical or mental.

His first concert took place on Wednesday evening, October 2nd, and the most important item in the programme was the Weber "Concertstück," which was given with immense spirit and intelligence. The Amateur Orchestral Society, besides the accompaniment to this work, played overtures by Mendelssohn and Balfe, and Massenet's Intermezzo, "Le dernier sommeil de la Vierge." Mr. Heinrich sang in an artistic manner songs by Schubert and Brahms.

On the following Saturday afternoon little Otto held a pianoforte recital. He commenced with Bach's "Italian Concerto," of which he gave a most satisfactory rendering. The difficult passages came out with great clearness, and the reading showed, besides, intelligence of no mean order. After that came Beethoven's Sonata in E minor (Op. 90). This was a still more formidable undertaking, for it seemed unlikely that the little Otto could do even moderate justice to the great Beethoven. And yet, in the first movement, he entered thoroughly into the spirit of the music; the Rondo was neatly played, but the reading lacked simplicity. He appeared, too, as a composer, and his Suite in G minor is a work of considerable promise; the Gavotte is charming, and the Finale full of life. He played it with wonderful charm and spirit, and received much applause. The programme included, besides, a Chopin Nocturne, and a Valse Caprice by Strauss-Tausig. The second orchestral concert came off on Wednesday evening, October 9, and the *pièce de résistance* was Chopin's Concerto for pianoforte in E minor, which the youthful pianist attacked with great courage. He also played two Etudes by Henselt, and repeated the Valse Caprice. Nikita and Mr. Max Heinrich were the vocalists, and both were well received. The hall was crowded. At the fourth and last concert, which was a brilliant success, Otto played two Bach preludes and fugues, Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 10, No. 3, and some pieces by Chopin. The first and last movements of the Sonata were rendered with great intelligence and delicacy.

Arthur Seymour Sullivan.

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ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN was born in London on the 13th of May 1842. He was at the Chapel Royal from 1854 to 1857, where he had the advantage of musical instruction from the Rev. T. Helmore. In 1856 he gained the Mendelssohn Scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music, and studied there until 1858, when he went to Leipzig. His teachers were Plaidy, Hauptmann, Richter, Rietz, and Moscheles. He returned to London at the end of 1861, and the results of his student-life were favourably displayed in the music to Shakespeare's "Tempest," produced at the Crystal Palace in 1862. In 1864 he wrote his cantata "Kenilworth" for the Birmingham Festival. Two years later his Symphony in E was given at the Crystal Palace; and as this excellent work was much admired, it is to be regretted that the composer left off contributing to that important branch of musical literature. In that year his father died, and the "In Memoriam" Overture tells in earnest tones of the son's affection and sorrow. The following year (1867) is memorable for the visit paid by Sir Arthur Sullivan (not, however, knighted at that time) in company with Sir G. Grove to Vienna in search of Schubert MSS.; and the discovery of the "Rosamunde" music, and of the early symphonies, crowned the visit with success. The oratorio of "The Prodigal Son" was produced at Worcester in 1869, and "The Light of the World" at Birmingham in 1873.

In 1871 the composer wrote his incidental music to "The Merchant of Venice" for a performance at Manchester. In 1874 he followed with music for "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and in 1878 for "Henry VIII." In 1880 he became conductor of the Leeds Festival, and on that occasion he produced "The Martyr of Antioch." To the Festival of 1886, however, he contributed "The Golden Legend," which was received with unbounded enthusiasm, and the brilliant success which the cantata again obtained only a few weeks ago on the closing night of the Leeds Festival, proves that its popularity is as great as ever. It has been performed all over the world. But the works by which Sir Arthur Sullivan is best known are those written for the stage in conjunction with W. S. Gilbert. "The Sorcerer," produced at the Opéra-Comique in 1877, ran for 175 nights; but "H.M.S. Pinafore," given in the following year, held the stage for 700 nights. After these came "The Pirates of Penzance" (1880), "Patience" (1881), "Iolanthe" (1882), "Princess Ida" (1884), "The Mikado" (1885), "Ruddigore" (1887), and "The Yeoman of the Guard" in 1888. To say anything about these works is quite unnecessary. Their brilliant success shows how well the dramatist and the musician understood how to catch the ear of the public.

A notice of Sir Arthur Sullivan without mention of his songs would be incomplete, for many of them have become universal favourites, such as "Will he come," "The Lost Chord," "The distant Shore," and "O ma charmante." His "Shakespeare" and "Tennyson" songs are of a high order of merit.

The composer was Principal of the National Training School of Music from 1876 to 1881. He is now a member of the Council of the Royal College of Music. He received the honorary degree of Doctor of Music from the University of Cambridge in 1876. He was knighted by the Queen in 1883.

My Jubilee;^{*} OR, Fifty Years of Artistic Life.

WRITTEN BY SIMS REEVES.

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IN the so-called *Life of Sims Reeves* which appeared just a year ago, the tenor, in taking leave of his readers, expressed his intention of enlarging his reminiscences during the jubilee year of his career as a vocalist. This promise has now been redeemed, and a beautifully-got-up volume of most æsthetic hue, with extra large margins, lies before us. In our notice of the former work we expressed our regret that so large a portion of the limited space should be taken up by a series of sensation tales, and by extracts from newspaper criticisms, or rather eulogies, upon Mr. Sims Reeves' various performances, instead of reminiscences of the tenor's own personal experiences. It must be allowed that *My Jubilee* is a decided improvement upon the "Life." True, a certain amount of matter is reprinted from the latter, and there is still an undue proportion

of the young tenor, who himself was blessed with a very fair amount of what his friends probably called firmness, and his enemies obstinacy. Several anecdotes are related on the subject of Macready's managerial eccentricities. In one of these Mr. G. V. Brooke, the actor, figures in rather an amusing light.

During a certain rehearsal of "Othello," Mr. Brooke, who was playing Iago, failed to satisfy his manager in respect to the exact spot on the stage on which he was to stand. At last, Macready, losing patience, ordered the carpenter to drive a nail into the boards, and mark a small circle round it with a piece of chalk, and on this Brooke had to take up his position. All went well at the rehearsal, but when the evening came, Iago, instead of looking at Othello, gazed inquisitively on the ground, walked to and fro, and appeared lost in an anxious search for some object he could not discover. Macready's temper again gave way, and he called out,—

"Mr. Brooke, for Heaven's sake, be quiet; what are you doing?"

"I am looking for the nail, Mr. Macready," replied Mr. Brooke in a stentorian voice.

If it were not given on such excellent authority, we could scarcely believe Mr. Sims Reeves' account of the manner in which Macready used to prepare himself to depict anger on the stage. Not considering himself

sing. The doctor attached to La Scala was, however, of a contrary opinion, and, after inspecting my larynx, said I could sing if I liked. But, as I still refused to make the attempt, the authorities resolved to make me sing by force. A squad of gendarmes called at my lodgings in a carriage, took me down to it, and drove me to the theatre. I was firm, however, in my resolve neither to injure my voice, nor to pain the ears of a public which had hitherto applauded me. Frederick the Great succeeded in making Madame Mara sing; but the Austrians in Milan were less successful with me."

According to his own account, only once in his life was this self-willed bird made to sing when he did not wish to sing; but it took no less a personage than Victoria Regina to perform this miracle. In June 1859 the tenor, then at the height of his fame, was singing in Auber's "Fra Diavolo," at the Haymarket, and in the Handel Festival. In the midst of all this hard work, he found himself set down to sing the Serenade from "Fra Diavolo" at a Court concert. Feeling that it would be impossible to do justice to the song after singing the tenor part in "Israel in Egypt," in the morning, Mr. Sims Reeves suggested a change of piece. The suggestion, however, was not accepted. In vain Sir Michael Costa appealed to the Prince Consort, in vain the Prince



A music lesson.



The North Gray Choir

of newspaper cuttings; on the other hand, there are more personal details, more anecdotes, and several illustrations, two of which represent the tenor in his favourite characters of Edgardo and Fra Diavolo.

Mr. Sims Reeves' account of his early years gives a good idea of the contrast between the method of educating children sixty years ago and that of the present day. The future artiste had to be dressed and ready for his music-lesson at five o'clock every morning, while a false note on the piano was speedily followed by a blow from his father's violin bow, which, directed at his knuckles, never missed its aim. Judging from results, this method of training must have been singularly efficacious. The boy learned to play the pianoforte, organ, violin, violoncello, oboe, and bassoon, besides singing, harmony, and counterpoint. Certainly, it seems probable that few singers start in life with such a solid foundation as this.

Mr. Sims Reeves, as is now generally known, made his first appearance on the stage at Newcastle in 1839, as the Gipsy Boy in "Guy Mannering." He very shortly, however, obtained an engagement as second tenor at Drury Lane under Macready. The imperious and tyrannical manager seems to have produced a lasting and far from favourable impression on the mind

sufficiently irascible by nature, he was in the habit of employing two unfortunate supers, "whose business it was to make faces at him, tread on his toes, kick him, and otherwise provoke him, until he was in a state of exasperation bordering on the demoniac. 'More,' he would growl, as he stood at the wing; 'more, you beasts!' until an exceptionally severe kick happening to coincide with the moment for his sudden appearance, he would knock down each of his hired tormentors, and rush upon the stage like a maniac."

In 1843 Mr. Sims Reeves went to Paris to study under Bordogni, and from thence to Milan, where he placed himself under Mazucato. Thanks to the esteem in which he was held by the professors at the Conservatoire, he was able to obtain an engagement at La Scala, where he appeared in the part of Edgardo with brilliant success.

An amusing little episode occurred during the Milan engagement, which, as the tenor himself remarks, recalls the despotic rule of Frederick the Great, when Madame Mara, having refused to sing one night at the Berlin Opera House on the plea of indisposition, was taken from her bed, and carried on a mattress, under military escort, to the theatre.

"I was suffering from a sore throat," relates Mr. Sims Reeves, "and was quite unable to

represented the matter to the Queen. The only answer was a programme in which Her Majesty had underlined the Serenade, and had written in the margin the significant letters "V. R." There was no disregarding this tacit command, and the tenor was compelled to sing the air without further protest than that of transposing it into a lower key.

After the return of Mr. Sims Reeves to London from Italy in 1847, his career is merely a record of unbroken triumphs, whether he appeared in Italian opera, English opera, or oratorio, and consequently is somewhat monotonous reading. Of more general interest is the chapter in which the great tenor gives his ideas upon the proper method of study of the art of singing. Some of his axioms, indeed, are trite enough. For example, we do not require a Sims Reeves to tell us that "a professor who has not a good ear should not undertake to instruct; as a vocalist who has not a good ear should not attempt to sing." Of more value is the advice that "the vocalist, whatever point of perfection he may have reached, should practise in presence of a master capable of at once noticing and correcting any fault, of whatever character, he may commit. The singer can never hear himself as an attentive and duly-qualified professor can hear him. For years it was my custom to sing daily in presence of Signor Alarz, one of

* The London Music Publishing Company.

the best singing-masters I ever knew." Unfortunately, it is not every student to whom such an expensive method of practice is possible.

Of the tenor's colleagues we hear but little of any, except Jenny Lind, whom Mr. Sims Reeves considers the most perfect singer and one of the most charming women it has ever been his good fortune to meet. Like all who knew her, he seems to have been much impressed both by the nobility of her character, and by her remarkable artistic conscientiousness. He relates how, on one occasion, when Jenny Lind was singing at Norwich in "Elijah," "she delivered in quite an inspired manner the beautiful passage, 'Holy, holy, holy is God, the Lord.' The Bishop of Norwich (Stanley) was sitting next Mrs. Reeves, and said to her, as Jenny Lind finished the phrase,—

"A string of pearls, and all of the same size."

"More struck by the singer's devotional feeling than even by the perfection of her style, my wife said,—

"I wonder of what religion she is."

"She is a Christian," replied the Bishop."

Mr. Sims Reeves may well pride himself upon the service he did the musical public when, many years ago, he advised Mr. Santley, who was then playing the violin at the Liverpool Philharmonic Concerts, to relinquish the orchestra for the concert platform or the operatic stage. "I asked him," he says, "to sing something to me, and found that he had an exquisite baritone voice. I told him what a very high opinion I had of his gifts, and recommended him to continue for a time his studies as a vocalist, after which I predicted for him the greatest success."

The veteran tenor confesses to one weakness which is the last of which we should have suspected him, namely, an irresistible passion for those most pointless of all witticisms—practical jokes. He relates with pride how when entertaining some of his Milan fellow-students at dinner, he pretended that the dish of which they had just partaken consisted of the remains of a favourite dog which had been missing for some days. The qualms which this joke occasioned his friends seem to have caused him much heartless amusement.

Another little incident which is told in the chapter upon Musical Festivals might have had serious results for some, at least, of the parties concerned. During the first Handel Festival, Mr. Sims Reeves was living in a house at Norwood, the landlord of which entertained a morbid horror of burglars. "On the last day of the Festival," says the tenor, "I celebrated its conclusion by a supper to some friends, who proved their appreciation of my hospitality by remaining with me until about three o'clock in the morning. At last I had almost to turn them out; and to show how glad I was to get rid of them, I, in simple good humour, threw after them several tin trays, which made the house resound with sonorous echoes. My friends, meanwhile, fled as if for their lives. Suddenly awakened from his sleep, and hearing the sound of retreating footsteps, my landlord rose from his bed, seized a loaded blunderbuss which he kept always at hand, and fired into the midst of my rapidly-departing friends. Fortunately the charge had no effect."

Of course no book by Mr. Sims Reeves could be complete without a dissertation on his favourite hobby of musical pitch. In his remarks upon this subject he has our fullest sympathy and support. We agree with every word he says as to the destruction of voices by the unnaturally high pitch in vogue in this country, for which we have to thank certain orchestral conductors who labour under the delusion that thus a more brilliant tone is pro-

duced than with the "normal diapason" of France and Germany. Sir Morell Mackenzie has lately told us that Joachim has to begin screwing up his violin for two months before he visits our shores, and, in the case of singers, who are unable to perform the same operation upon their voices, the effect is often disastrous. Every true lover of music must feel grateful to the great English tenor for his earnest protest upon this subject, and look forward to the time when the unanimous voice of common sense shall demand the introduction of the normal diapason into this country.

In his farewell to his readers Mr. Sims Reeves expresses his intention of retiring from public life in this the jubilee year of his artistic career. He does not intend to subside into useless activity, if we may judge from the final paragraph, in which he says that his regret at leaving a profession in which he has received so many marks of goodwill is mitigated by the reflection that he may still be able to render services in a sphere of activity closely connected with the one he is on the point of leaving. "To teach singing," he concludes, "it is necessary first to have learnt it; and it will still be in my power to give instructions to others in the art which I have myself so assiduously practised."

A Nightingale's Nest.

"AND so you have been staying with Patti!" I remarked the other day to a fortunate friend, devoted, like myself, to music and all musical people. "Please tell me something about your visit. I am not curious as a rule—for a woman I mean—but I *should* like to know anything you can tell without violating the sacred laws of hospitality."

"I am not good at description," answered Miss — with a smile. "But if I were telling a fairy tale, here are all the materials ready to my hand. Imagine, then, a lonely castle, far from the haunts of man, and a kindly, beautiful enchantress, gifted with every talent, endowed with every possession that it is possible for the human heart to desire."

"Is she so very clever?" I inquired, already beginning to feel interested.

"A woman like that," answered my friend emphatically, "is born only once in a century. The word *genius* applies to her as it does to no one else of my acquaintance. She speaks English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, and even a little Russian, and almost all of them with equal facility."

"Do you know," I observed, "I have always had a theory that a thorough musician is more or less a linguist. I suppose it has something to do with the inner formation of the ear. I know nothing of physiology myself, but possibly some one who did might be able to explain it."

"In addition to this," resumed my friend, "Madame Patti's memory is something extraordinary. She can sing by heart almost every one of her opera parts, and she as easily learns anything that is new to her."

"Of course she practises constantly," I suggested, "in order to retain the wonderful flexibility of that delicious voice?"

My friend laughed. "Yes," she said, "she practises, truly. At the Albert Hall, for example, she sings her songs over and over again in the room devoted to her use, while waiting until it is her turn to appear before the

audience. But at other times she gives her voice perfect rest, and at Craig-y-nos sometimes does not sing a note for weeks and weeks together."

"Does she take a personal interest in the people around Craig-y-nos?"

"Indeed she does," heartily replied Miss —. "No one can possibly be more kind and good-natured than Patti is in that respect. She constantly sings for the benefit of the charitable institutions, and I need not tell you how such invaluable aid is appreciated. In fact, it would be difficult to exaggerate her popularity with all classes in this her chosen neighbourhood."

"But still she must find the country very dull after all the excitement she is used to?"

"It is isolated of course, but still very far from dull. The scenery is very beautiful; Craig-y-nos itself stands high on the side of a wooded steep, most picturesquely situated, and very healthy. It is true, the nearest post office is eight miles distant—you shudder—but Patti drives there daily with horses that go like the wind. She is also very fond of riding, and when indoors she has a thousand interests and occupations. I tell you once again she is a genius. She is a most accomplished artist, and paints quite as exquisitely with her needle. Then again, she has an enormous correspondence, and a very large circle of acquaintance. Her castle, when she is at home, is always full of visitors. They enjoy the most delightful freedom, doing exactly as they please, and, until luncheon time at any rate, no one is expected to make himself agreeable."

"An admirable arrangement," I remarked, laughing. "I only wish every hostess would do the same!"

"We dined every day," continued my friend, "in the winter garden, which is newly finished, and filled with lovely tropical plants and palms. La Diva's favourite parrots inhabit it as a rule, and join freely in general conversation."

"All nice people are fond of animals," I observed, and my friend cordially agreed with me.

"Patti took two of her parrots with her on her last tour," she added. "She brought back—besides the parrots—the modest little sum of thirty-seven thousand pounds."

"And Nicolini, her husband," I inquired, "does he still sing in public?"

"Not much," was the reply, "during the last few years. But he also is much occupied in various ways. He manages all his wife's business—no inconsiderable task, as you may suppose. He is also a keen sportsman, and enjoys a country life. They are a happy couple, and extremely attached to one another, and he goes with her on all her tours."

"Madame Patti is fond of children as well as animals," said my friend in conclusion, after a minute's silence. "Another amiable trait in her character is her remarkable power of adapting herself to any one in whose society she may happen to be. You may imagine how this talent adds to her wonderful fascinations. Her perception of character, lastly, is something quite unique. Whoever you may be, however much you may try to disguise your good or bad qualities, you may depend upon her seeing through you in a moment."

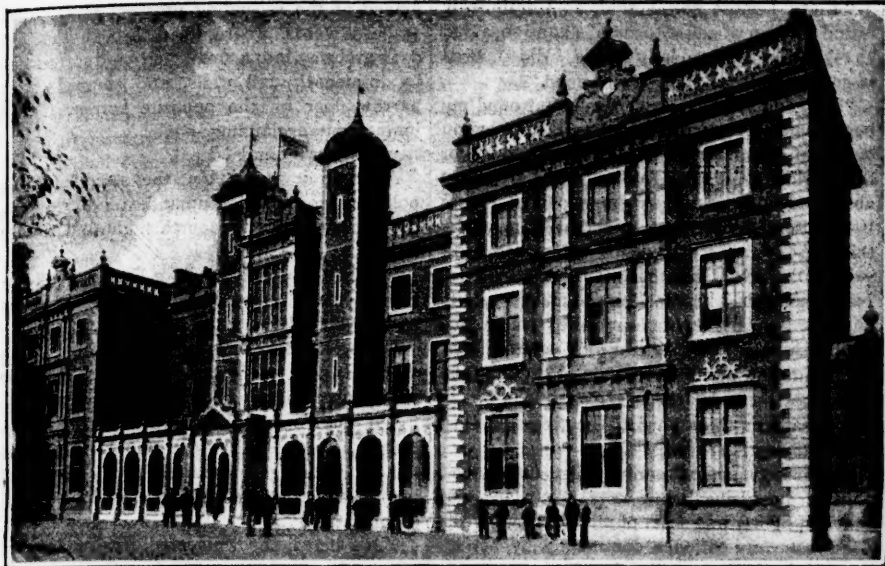
"I am not sure that I should exactly like that," I replied, and added, not without a spice of malice, "Do tell me—I am not laughing, really, but I should so like to know—why did not Madame Patti exert these powers of penetration when she was making up her mind as to her previous marriage?"

"Nothing can be easier to explain," said my friend stoutly, "*L'esprit est toujours la dupe du cœur!*"

VERA.

Military School of Music at Kneller Hall.

(FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)



KNELLER HALL.

A MILITARY band is always welcome. When the sounds of life and drum are heard, windows fly open, crowds collect in the streets, and for a time all is life and excitement. A good military band is, however, the outcome of much hard training, and a good bandmaster is something more than a time-beater. It may then prove interesting to our readers to learn something about the training of soldier boys as instrumentalists, and of bandmasters for Her Majesty's military service, at Kneller Hall at Whitton, near Hounslow. The Hall derives its name from that of the celebrated painter, Sir Godfrey Kneller, whose mansion stood partly on the site of the present building. The original stables are still standing, and in the vestibule of the Hall is to be seen the foundation-stone of his mansion, laid by Kneller in the year 1709. Some short time ago, while cleaning some rubbish in a field, this stone was discovered. The military establishment is at present under the able direction of Colonel Shaw Hillier. Last month I received from him an invitation to visit the Institution, and will now proceed to give an account of the place and of the work done there. My reception was most courteous, and every inquiry fully answered.

The school was founded in 1857 under the auspices of H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge.

Boys for instrumentalists are selected for their aptitude to become good performers. Besides general elementary school work, they study some instrument, and also learn harmony. Junior students are present at these pupil classes to assist, and to acquire a knowledge of giving instruction.

Candidates for admission to the school to be trained for bandmasters, have to pass an examination. These examinations take place twice annually, at home and abroad, in the months of April and of October. This mode of admission has, however, only been recently established. Formerly students for bandmasterships were admitted on recommendation of their respective commanding officers. New candidates have to be examined in elementary knowledge of clefs, structure of scales, classification of intervals, and simple forms of chords; and in elementary harmony and instrumentation. Some papers are also set in advanced harmony and simple counterpoint, but these

are optional. Two-thirds of the maximum number of marks for the elementary papers qualify a candidate for admission, but preference is given to those who are able to answer the "optional" questions. It will at once be seen that this test is highly advantageous; it secures a better class of men, and the Government is saved the expense of sending men to and from the colonies who may not, in spite of recommendation, prove fit to become bandmasters. It is compulsory for bandmaster students to obtain the first-class army school certificate of education.

To understand the character of musical education which they receive, it will be well to consider what are the duties of a bandmaster.

He has to teach all who may become members of his band the elements of music, and the method of blowing and fingering the various instruments. Hence he must have practical knowledge of flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, cornet, trumpet, horn, trombone, euphonium, and bombardon. Further, he has to superintend the players until they can take efficient part in such music as operatic selections, fantasias and airs with variations, marches, dance music, and symphonies of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven (arranged for wind).

The teaching staff at Kneller Hall consists of masters for the various instruments named above (all occupying a high position in the musical profession), a director of musical studies, a schoolmaster for general education, and a chaplain (Church of England).

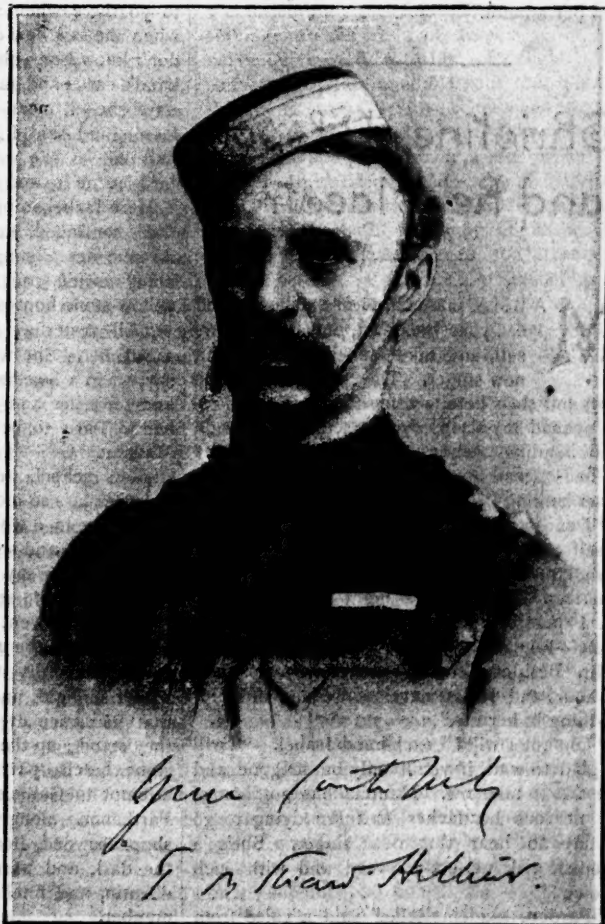
Teaching is very well

in its way, but "all work and no play," etc. Now the time-table of the classes for musical and for general education at Kneller Hall shows that there is plenty of work: the hours of study every day in the week, with the exception of Saturday, when there is half-holiday, are from 9 to 12 in the morning, 2 to 4.30 in the afternoon, and again from 5.30 to 6.30. But in the spacious grounds there is one place for cricket, another for tennis, a third for gymnastics, while not far from the hall there is a spot for bathing in the river Colne. In matters of diet and general health, boys and men are well looked after; this, indeed, one can see at a glance, for they all have bright faces and brisk movements.

I was shown through various rooms, and saw first of all the boys at their mid-day meal, for which they seemed to have good appetite. After that a visit was paid to other parts of the establishment,—the library, the class-rooms, the room where the musical instruments are kept, etc. I also saw the chapel. Every Sunday morning service is held, the boys and students taking part in the music (choir and orchestra). For this important part of their duties they are carefully trained. There are seats set apart for the accommodation of visitors, and, as a rule, they are all filled.

The great advantages offered by such an institution as that of Kneller Hall become obvious if one reflects how impossible it would be to acquire the requisite knowledge in the various parts of the empire over which our military bands are scattered. Even an academic course in London could not afford such means of acquiring practical knowledge.

The students are attached and resident, and subject to the discipline and control of a military commandant; and to accustom them to discipline they are called upon to



perform various duties purely military. The usual number studying as bandmasters is from 35 to 40, with from 130 to 140 boys and lads training as instrumentalists. The students usually remain at the school about two years, and the pupils about eighteen months.

From the month of April to October, the band plays every Wednesday afternoon. When the weather is fine, the performances—to which the public is admitted—take place in the grounds; and on these occasions the gentry and the humbler folk crowd in, not only from the neighbourhood, but from all parts of London. The day of my visit was a Wednesday. It had been raining the greater part of the morning, but at three o'clock, the hour fixed for the concert, the rain had ceased, and accordingly the members of the band (99 in number) took their place on the stand. They played first of all Dr. Mackenzie's excellent March from "The Story of Sayid," and then Mendelssohn's Overture in C (Op. 24). Then came a Symphony by Haydn, but while the first movement was being performed the rain began to come down in torrents, so that at the close the orchestra had to beat a hasty retreat to the music room. The playing up to this time had been bright and energetic. For each piece, a different man was selected from the band to conduct. By this constant change all the students get a chance of practice in conducting. The second part of the programme consisted of music of a lighter kind. With respect to the symphony, I may mention that the musical library at Kneller Hall contains many symphonies of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven arranged for wind bands by the students themselves. Some of their compositions are occasionally performed. I was told that recently a symphony written by the student in charge of the drums (and by the way an excellent drummer) had been given. Since May 1880, 122 students have been appointed to bandmasterships, being an average of 20 per annum.

Kristine Nilsson and Her Maestro.

"MAMMA, mamma, please wake up and eat your breakfast, and dress yourself, and take Isabel out to hear a new singer. The carriage is at the door, and she's here, waiting for you."

I opened my sleepy eyes to see Amy's blonde head bending over me, whilst Isabel stood at the half-opened door, a shadow of apprehension in her smiling brown eyes.

"Dear me, children," I expostulated, raising myself on my elbow, and glancing round the room, strewn with the things I had worn to the American Embassy the night before; "how can I possibly go? I don't want any more music—I heard the Valse des Adieux all last night. Besides, I couldn't get ready in less than an hour, and Isabel never waited an hour for anything in her life."

"Oh, but I will!" exclaimed Isabel. "I will be glad to wait, if you'll only be so good and sweet as to take me. Mamma has got one of her nervous headaches, and I'm dying to go to-day to hear this new singer. She's a Swedish girl, perfectly lovely, and with such a voice!"

"Pardon, mademoiselle," said a voice from

behind, and my maid appeared on the threshold with the breakfast tray, ordered by the smooth-cheeked conspirators to be prepared in advance of my waking.

"I see I must go," I said, as I resignedly raised the cup of coffee to my lips; and so, aided by my self-improvised lady's-maid, I did succeed in getting ready within Isabel's hour.

"For, you see," she said, as she buttoned my boots, while Amy arranged my veil, "the lesson begins at eleven, and I wouldn't lose a note for the world. Madame Taillant perfectly raves about her, and you know she wouldn't unless it was something quite different from other things."

With which somewhat confused sentence Isabel jumped to her feet, hurried me downstairs and into the carriage, called to the coachman—*Quarante-trois Chaussée d'Antin, et allez vite*, and then nestling up to my side, and giving the cheek next her a hearty kiss, exclaimed,—

"I really do think you are the nicest, kindest friend any girl ever had!"

Whereat I smiled contentedly, for Isabel, with her impulsive, loving ways, pretty face, and graceful figure, was a pet of mine, although she used to try my patience continually by her incessant imprudences, and by the innumerable host of caprices which attended her wherever she went.

"And this new star that is to be," I queried; "you must tell me who she is, and how she came to be discovered, and everything about her."

"I'll tell you all I know, but that isn't much. We were at the *Italiens* night before last, and I sat in the front seat next Madame Taillant's box. She leaned over and told me she had a new wonder for me,—a beautiful young Swedish girl, as good as she could be, with a voice like an angel. Then I asked where she was, and how I could hear and see her, and she said she was studying under the great master, Wartel, and that the only way to see and hear her was to go there when she took her lesson. And when she saw how disappointed I looked—for I don't know him—she wrote on one of her husband's cards and gave it to me, and told me the days she—I mean the Swedish girl—took her lesson, and said I could go and give the card, and that, as she was an old pupil of Wartel's, he'd let me in, and that's all she knew."

Here Isabel stopped a moment to take breath, then continued, as we rolled down the wide Avenue des Champs Elysées, with its rows of many-storied, red and gilt balconied, carved yellow stone houses.

"All yesterday I spent trying to find out about her. She was only a little child, they say, when a Swedish gentleman heard her sing, and took her and had her educated, and sent her to Paris to be finished, and she's been to Madame C—'s school, and at Madame G—'s school, and all the girls love her, because she's so nice, and she goes and sings to them once in a while, and then there's a *fête* in the school; and she's going to make her *début* soon, and they say she will make a *furor*; and I'm just dying to see her."

And Isabel went on chattering like a magpie as we crossed the upper side of the great Place de la Concorde, its fountains flashing in the winter sunlight, unconscious of the redder flood that had once drenched the stones on which they stood; up the Rue Royale, with its ancient stone hotels, past the Madeleine—that vain attempt to Gallicise the marble beauty of the Parthenon; along the already bustling, jostling, shop-crowded Boulevards, till we turned up the dark and narrow length of the *Chaussée d'Antin*, and finally stopped at the designated number.

"Ten minutes to eleven," said Isabel, glancing at her little absurdity of a watch. "We're just in time, for it will take about that to get upstairs. Enter the courtyard, Jules;" and as I sat dismayed at the ascending prospect revealed by Isabel's words, we rumbled through the low, dark archway into a small courtyard surrounded by immensely tall walls, and stopped at a narrow door on the opposite corner. Isabel jumped out, exclaiming,—

"Now for a climb!"

A climb it was. Up the steep, slippery, polished brown stairs, up and still up we went, till, as we reached the fourth flight, my courage failed.

"Isabel, this staircase is a French Jack-the-Giant-Killer's bean-stalk. I believe if it has an end, it will only be found in the sky."

"Yes, it's horrid," responded Isabel; "but there can't be many more flights;" and she looked up anxiously at the vista above.

Up the fourth:—I heard the sound of a piano. Up the fifth:—the sound was close at hand. Gasping and faint, I found myself before a very little door, at which Isabel stopped.

"It's here," she whispered, putting the card of introduction into my hand; "the last on the left-hand side." She rang: the door opened by a spring from within, and we passed through a tiny, red tile-paved ante-room, into a tiny, dark green parlour. A cabinet piano nearly filled one side of the room; a cheerful fire blazed its welcome on the other, and, politely bowing to his unknown visitors, there stood the tall, slender figure of the old and famous maestro, Schubert-Wartel, so called from his having been the first to introduce those wonderful, soul-burdened Schubert melodies into gay, gilded, glittering France. As he turned from the comparative twilight of the heavily-curtained little room to the window, in order to decipher the card, I had an opportunity to observe at my ease his striking face and figure. As I said, he was very tall and very slender, supple as a cat in his movements, although he must then have been very old, for he had been trained by Cherubini. His soft, fine hair still retained its colour, and was brushed carefully back from his high, narrow forehead. The expression of his delicately modelled face was a mixture of acuteness and bonhomie. My observations were cut short by his turning towards us with a winning smile, and with most courteous welcome installing us in two comfortable easy-chairs opposite the piano; then unrolling the green silk fire-shade on the mantelpiece, he arranged it to shade our faces from the blaze. All this was done with the quiet courtesy of a gentleman of the old school. A few words from him of polite inquiry as to the health of his former pupil, Madame Taillant, and then Isabel broke bounds.

"Oh, monsieur, I am so glad you let us in! I am dying to hear your pupil, this Swedish girl that people are talking so much about."

"*Vraiment*," said the maestro, smiling, while a gleam shot from his small, piercing eyes; "but that is not astonishing. It is a pearl, madame," he said, turning to me, "a true pearl! a most sympathetic voice—great compass, great purity, and such a tone! It is a voice of crystal. I foresee for her a great future—*mais la voilà!*"

As he spoke the bell rang, the door opened, a light step passed through the ante-room, and, followed by her attendants, a girl—a snow-wreath rather—glided into the room. She made a slight salutation to us, a cordial one to the accompanist, a slight, black-haired young man, who had hitherto remained hidden behind the piano, and then raised her large, clear eyes,

with a lovely expression of mingled reverence and affection, to the maestro.

"Good-morning, *ma petite*, and how goes it?" he asked.

"Well, very well," she answered, smiling, and then began to remove her bonnet and casaque. Isabel gave me one glance, and then riveted her brown eyes upon the lovely figure before her. The girl's slender form was displayed in its light but symmetrical proportions by her closely-fitting brown dress; the abundance of golden hair was confined by a knot, freeing the graceful setting of her head upon her shoulders; and her delicate and regular features were warmed by the ruddy glow of the fire as she bent towards it, rubbing gently her little white hands, for the morning, though sunny, was cold. I thought I had never seen a lovelier creature, so unconscious and so girlish.

A word or two with the maestro, the placing of a book on the piano, a few opening chords from the accompanist, and the lesson began. I held my breath. It was as if a skylark had clothed itself in human form, so crystal-clear poured forth the fresh young notes. But if a skylark had established its home in the young singer's throat, surely the soul of a Cremona violin had taken possession of the maestro. Seated beside the instrument, his tall figure bending and swaying to the measure, his hand with gesture of command swelling or softening the notes, he pictured the singing on the air. And such wonderful delicacy, such depth of expression, such elevation and breadth of feeling as those gestures portrayed! And then the quick apprehension, the sympathetic response, the seraphic sweetness of the voice of the pupil! I sat in a maze of astonishment and delight, whilst Isabel, getting possession of my hand, squeezed it in her ecstasy till she fairly pained me.

"*Pas mal!* that goes better than the last time," said the maestro, as the last full note died away. At this, as I thought, scanty praise, the girl raised her eyes with a quick smile, and the rose-tint on her cheek deepened perceptibly. "And now for a *vocalise*," he continued.

She began. After a few bars of clear, brilliant melody, during which the maestro's face had decidedly clouded, he made a sudden motion with his hand. Piano and voice stopped instantly.

"Not so loud, my child, not so loud! You're not in a church—*Chanter c'est charmer*. Listen!" And in a voice of such exquisite sweetness as I never shall hear again, he repeated the passage.

"Oh!" groaned Isabel, in a spasm of delight. There was no mistaking the tone. The old maestro turned his quick eye upon her as she sat, her face all aglow. He looked well pleased; the sound was familiar to his ear. Had not all Europe smiled and sighed and wept with delight at the wonderful inflections of that soul-moving voice of his!

The piano and voice again took up the strain, —but how differently from before! It was the gladness of morning, the mirth of sunny brooks, the warbling of happy birds, the song of a pure young heart, knowing no evil, fearing no harm. As the silver notes flowed on, tears of delight flowed to my eyes. It was like looking into a sinless world. Isabel could not contain herself.

"I must go and tell her how I admire her!" she whispered during an interlude.

"My dear child, if you interrupt this lesson, I will never take you anywhere again as long as you live," I whispered back. And Isabel reluctantly sank down in her easy-chair.

When the *vocalise* was ended, I expressed my gratification and my admiration of his method

to the maestro, whilst Isabel escaped to the side of the singer, and, to judge by her sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks, poured out the flood of her honest girlish admiration. The piquant little brunette, all animation, beside the lovely golden-haired snow-wreath, made a picture that would have pleased an artist's eye; but I gave it but one look, so interested was I by what the old maestro was saying.

"It is the true Italian method, madame, the method of the great, great singers. To-day instrumental music is carried to its highest pitch; it approaches perfection; but the voice—but singing—ah, madame, it does not exist! In those days no singer would dare to risk himself before the public unless he had studied—studied conscientiously for eight years; and now—*mon Dieu*, four years, three years and a half, and then a *début*!—And the music they sing," he continued, after taking a fierce pinch of snuff, "*mon Dieu*, what voice can sing what Meyerbeer and Verdi have written without being utterly spoiled? It is ruin, it is destruction itself. The voice is the most tender, the most delicate, the most exquisite of organs; and the composers of to-day demand of it the sonority of the trombone united to the compass of the violin. And the public—ah, the public!—it applauds with frenzy one note—one mere note—which is murderous to the singer's throat, a mere *tour de force* of brutal force; but the tenderness, the pathos, the delicacy that should be the charm of music, that should transport them out of their coarse, material lives into the heaven above them—all that finds them and leaves them cold, unimpassioned, stupid. 'What does it mean?' they say;" here he gave the French shrug, that mixture of contempt, disgust, and abhorrence. "*Mon Dieu*, they are right: it means nothing to them—they cannot understand it."

"But such a style as this, such training as yours, and a voice so uncommon as that of mademoiselle," I suggested,—"surely that will do much for public taste."

"We shall see, we shall see," he responded, his face relaxing from its melancholy expression. "It is a veritable talent, and great docility, great docility. Give me but docility, madame, and I will make this wood sing;" and he struck his hand smartly upon the top of the little cabinet piano, which emitted an acquiescing murmur. "For, after all, what is singing? Singing is a gymnastic of the lungs. My maxim is to obtain the greatest force by the gentlest means. Above all, there must be no compression whatever of the top of the throat; it must remain open in the very highest notes. Nay, more than this, the higher the voice ascends, the more the throat must open. We call that lowering the tone. It gives a roundness, a fulness, a depth not to be obtained by any other means, and it preserves the voice intact; it prevents it from wearing out."

My look of fixed attention encouraged him to go on and unfold to me some of the secret procedures of his most difficult art. In reply to my "You interest me extremely, monsieur," he proceeded,—

"And in this method all the scales, all the preparatory exercises, must be sung softly, softly, beginning on the lower note and ascending to the highest; never striking first the high note and then descending. That is fatal—with that comes the *coup de gosier*!" And the master's mobile face showed a full appreciation of the enormity of that hammering blow of the voice which untaught singers are apt to give when a note is difficult to strike.

After a moment's pause his eyebrows resumed their natural position, and he continued:

"Therein lies the superiority of this method over all others; it never allows any fatigue, any strain upon the voice."

"I have heard that Garcia lost his place as a teacher at the Conservatoire because he broke so many voices," I said.

"That is only too true. His teaching, like that of Duprez, was a Procrustean bed: for the voices that could stretch to it, very good; but woe to the others."

"I heard Madame Viardot last week in the '*Orphée*,'" I remarked, desirous to learn his opinion of that artiste.

"A great singer," he responded emphatically.

"Yes, she delighted me in many things," I continued, "but I do not think she brought out all the effects of which that music is capable. There were certain passages which failed to touch me as they ought to have done, for I think that opera one of the most moving compositions that has ever been produced. I refer especially to the aria in the infernal regions."

"*Madame a raison*," he responded, his face lighting up; "that music is sublime. Yes; Viardot is not right in her rendering of that song here." I saw his small keen eye change its expression; his face became rapt, it softened, all its lines melting and fusing as it were, so that he no longer looked old; and then, to my inexpressible surprise, for I knew that he never sang, the great maestro began to sing that exquisite song of the heart-broken, imploring Orpheus.

I have heard much music in my life, but such music as that I never heard before—I devoutly hope I may never hear again. No words of mine can convey the faintest idea of the impression it produced. It was the very soul of music revealed in all its power. Such a world of woe, such plaintive beseeching, rising into the very agony of entreaty; such pathetic affection, deepening into most impassioned remembrance; such an awe-struck sense of the deathful power of the deity whose relenting he was imploring; such faint glimmerings of hope, sinking into the night of despair! My every nerve quivered in a torture of delight. I felt suffocated by the inaudible sobs that filled my throat. It was a positive relief when the great singer stopped; and yet, if I had had the power, I would have bid him sing on for ever. For the first and only time I had a glimpse of that lost art of which such marvels are related, and henceforth no account of its wonder-working power has seemed too strange for me to believe. I glanced at Isabel as the last sentence melted into air. She was leaning back, her face buried in her handkerchief, looking like a little statue dressed by Worth.

I remember but imperfectly the rest of the lesson. The song had left me giddy and bewildered, my every nerve unstrung. One thing only I recall plainly: when the lesson was over, the young pupil took leave of her master in a way that struck me as very pleasing. She went up to him, and standing before him, slightly bent her fair head downwards. He gravely inclined his tall, thin figure towards her, and touched with his lips her pure white forehead. The little scene remains in my memory as one of its loveliest pictures.

"It's good enough to make any one try to be as good as ever they can, so as to get some day to Heaven and hear such music as that," said Isabel, leaning forward in the carriage and looking wistfully up at the window so high above us, as we turned to leave the courtyard. "It makes one feel as if everything was so little!" And with this chaotic sentence she laid her head on my shoulder and sighed as I never heard my pretty Isabel sigh before.

The Schubert Monument at Vienna.

THE following letter from Sir George Grove upon the new monument to the greatest of German song-writers, which appeared in the *Times* for September 30, is so interesting and characteristic that we make no apology for quoting it in full :—

SIR,—Lovers of music were well informed at the time, by your able correspondent at Vienna, of the proceedings which accompanied the removal of the remains of Schubert and Beethoven from their original resting-place in the Währinger Friedhof to the Central Cemetery in Vienna. Having lately been in that city, I should like to state my impressions of the monumental statues which have been erected to those two great composers since their reinterment. That of Beethoven is in a square off the Lothringerstrasse. It is in bronze, designed by Herr Caspar Zumbusch, and is a really noble figure, at once ideal and unaffected—a fit memorial of a composer whom every one feels to be at a lofty height above the world. The allegorical work round the pedestal—two large figures and several small ones—though few will deny that such symbolical work is now-a-days dead and gone, is, if anywhere, excusable.

But with the Schubert statue the case is quite different, and, as a devoted lover of his, I am sorry to record an unfavourable criticism. It stands in the Stadtpark—a large seated figure in white marble, on a pedestal, three sides of which are covered with allegorical devices. One's feeling towards Schubert is so personal and affectionate that one is driven to desire a naturalistic treatment of his portrait, whereas we find one which is not only ideal but incorrect in every particular. (1) Schubert was little more than five feet high, and of stumpy, insignificant appearance—Lachner's expression being, "You would have taken him for a cab-driver"—while the statue gives the impression of a tall, well-formed man. (2) He is seated on a heap of stones, with his right elbow leaning on the truncated stem of a tree, and is looking up as if for inspiration; the right hand holds a pencil, and the effect produced is that he is going to write in a large bound book which lies open across his knee. What can he be writing in a book for? What can he be looking up for? Why is he in the open air? With Beethoven, who was so passionately in love with nature that he made his studies and wrote his sketches by preference out of doors, who habitually carried large sketch-books, and was always writing in them—with him such treatment might be appropriate. But Schubert, though he loved a country walk, never sketched (in the true sense) in the country or anywhere else; he never carried a book, he wrote straight off at a tall desk in his room; he was short-sighted, and no doubt bent down his head over the paper; and, as for looking up, the inspiration flowed without his seeking it, if possible, only too readily. (3) A large piece of drapery lies across his knees and comes down to his feet. This is also very unsuitable. It looks almost like a degree gown; but if it is intended for a cloak it is equally inaccurate, for even if one could imagine Schubert in so costly a garment, we actually have the list of his clothes, and there is not such a thing among them. (4) In the old bust on the Währinger Friedhof tomb we had the ugly, almost negro, face, with every appearance of its being something of a likeness, as well as Grillparzer's inscription, which, whether exaggerated (as some think) or not, has come to be a *locus classicus*. Both these things are now gone, and nothing to replace them.

The reliefs on the pedestal are allegorical in a most advanced and absurd style. Pegasus is a winged horse no longer, but is a sort of leopard, with an

Egyptian woman's head and breasts, flying through space, and bearing a most substantial Muse and a huge harp with strings like metal rods. The other panels are equally ridiculous. The Grecian double-flutes, a lyre, a triangle, cymbals, with a violin (strange jumble) squeezed into a corner—such are the representatives of the instrumentation of the C major Symphony and the "Rosamunde" music. Religious and mystical Schubert always was, but in these reliefs neither religion nor mysticism is suggested. Fact there is none, and the fiction is too remote.

I trust that I have not been unduly harsh on this unhappy memorial; but as a lover of the great, sweet, human music-poet whom it commemorates, who was simple and natural in the fullest sense, I feel it my duty to protest against so incorrect and inadequate a representation.—Your obedient servant,
G. GROVE.

LOWER SYDENHAM, S.E.,
September 29.

Sarasate's Farewell Concerts.

THE first of three farewell concerts preparatory to his going to America was given at St. James's Hall on Saturday, October 19th. As usual, the hall was densely packed with an enthusiastic audience, which Sarasate always commands. The greater part of the audience were really rapt in attention, the remainder thought it their duty to appear so; some few, as usual at English concerts, looked as if they had made up their mind from the beginning to bear whatever happened without a smile or the least sign of emotion; a few others looked desperate, ready to tear their hair out, or do anything which the music might suggest. The music, however, did *not* suggest anything desperate—it was on the whole soothing.

The first piece was a quiet Allegro by Saint-Saëns, followed by a bright little Allegretto by the same composer, which formed a striking contrast to the other. The next piece was a Fantaisie by Schubert, after which the people were seized with a fury of enthusiasm. They did everything but stamp, and succeeded in calling Sarasate back twice. Emboldened by this success, they were still more energetic after Raff's "Fée d'Amour," when he came back three times, as the people refused to be pacified.

At the conclusion of the "Fée d'Amour," Madame Bertha Marx played two brilliant pianoforte soli; her technique was splendid, but the performance was too suggestive of fireworks, though perhaps proving a relief after the strain of such attention as had been given to Sarasate. It seemed a sort of interlude, in which one was at liberty to look about among the audience and criticise. There is always something amusing in criticising a crowd, especially of concert-goers. Then Sarasate came back and played some of Dvorák's "Danses," so gay and joyous and different from anything he had played before, that one could have danced to them.

When watching Sarasate, it looks easy to play a violin, he seems to bestow no effort on it; but one is not surprised at that in his case, for the most highly developed art shows the least effort. The great charm about his playing is the exquisite sense of restfulness.

Unfortunately we go to press before the second concert, on the 26th; the third and final one is given on Friday, November 1st.

M. C.

The Leeds Triennial Musical Festival.

THE PERFORMANCES,
OCTOBER 9, 10, 11, and 12.

THE Seventh Leeds Festival is over, and, taken as a whole, has been as successful artistically, pecuniarily, and generally, as those of past years.

Blemishes there have been, but surely it would be a more than human orchestra and choir who could grapple with such a long and comprehensive programme as was set before us at the beginning of the week, and carry it through without a flaw. Large efforts should be judged in a large-minded way; the physical strain of six days' hard work, the few available opportunities of full rehearsal, even the dampness of the foggy weather, are disadvantages which should all be taken into consideration before a just verdict can be passed.

As is probably well known to our readers, the Leeds Festivals have been triennial only since 1874, when the second was held after a lapse of sixteen years. Since that date they have been more and more successful, the numbers of the audience have kept up, and the pecuniary gains, which are devoted to the charities of Leeds, have steadily increased.

Music, too, owes to Leeds the production of such works as Sterndale Bennett's "May Queen;" Macfarren's "S. John the Baptist," "Joseph," and "David;" Sullivan's "Martyr of Antioch" and his "Golden Legend;" Raff's "End of the World;" Mackenzie's "Story of Sayid;" and Stanford's "Revenge;" while, among the numerous old works which have been successfully given at these Festivals, we may specially mention Bach's great "Mass in B minor," the performance of which, in 1886, was considered the finest ever given.

The present Festival Committee have been very happy in their selection of works both new and old; no one can accuse them of being uncatholic or prejudiced in their choice when we see the name of Wilbye, the old madrigal writer of the sixteenth century, side by side with that of Dr. Stanford, and when we find Bach, Handel, Schubert, Spohr, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Brahms, Wagner, Stanford, Sullivan, and Mackenzie all well represented in the week's programme. From a historical point of view this Festival has been a musical education in itself, and there must indeed have been something to please every taste, which is perhaps one of the secrets of its success.

The list of solo artists was decidedly good, though it is sad to miss Mr. Santley's name for the first time since the beginning of these Festivals. Madame Albani, Miss Macintyre, Miss Fillunger, Madame Valleria (who, however, was prevented from fulfilling the whole of her engagement), Miss Damian, Miss Hilda Wilson, Messrs. Ed. Lloyd, Iver M'Kay, Piercy, Brereton, Barrington Foote, Watkin Mills, and Senor Sarasate ensure success in whatever they undertake. The band, which we noticed consisted almost entirely of English artists, was about one hundred and twenty strong, and was distinctly up to the mark. With the strings no fault could be found, and, if the wind was occasionally out of tune, it was doubtless due to the atmosphere, which on one occasion was so charged with

fog that it was difficult to see across the hall. The orchestra was, as usual, composed of some of the best instrumentalists of the day, among whom were Mr. Carrodus (principal), who is himself a Yorkshireman; Messrs. Doyle and Emil Kreuz (violins); Messrs. Howell and Ould (celli); Mr. Horton (oboe and cor anglais); Mr. Mann (horn); and Mr. A. Benton, who presided at the organ.

The choir contained nearly three hundred voices, selected after careful examination. The sopranos and tenors were not, perhaps, quite up to their usual pitch of excellence in the matter of intonation and precision, but the contraltos and basses, whose reputation is world-wide, were as good as usual.

The arrangements, except, indeed, in the matter of ventilation, were satisfactory. It was a disappointment to find, however, that even in so music-loving a town as Leeds some sections of the audience still talk during the performances. We fail to see why, while the vocal numbers are in some slight measure respected, purely instrumental passages are regarded as convenient cloaks for conversation. It was a little galling to have half one work spoilt by the no doubt interesting account which an old lady was giving her neighbour of how she made her "green satin dress look like half-mourning." It was some slight satisfaction to us when a sudden pause in the orchestra left her in possession of the house. But matters are improving even in this respect, and perhaps it is hardly fair to be hard on our less cultivated brethren, who endure an hour or so of what they call "classical" music for the sake of helping their local charities.

Among the audience we noticed such distinguished men as Sir George Grove, Dr. Stanford, Dr. Parry, Dr. Mackenzie, Mr. C. H. Lloyd, and many more.

Wednesday morning, October 9th.—The Festival opened as usual with a grand rendering of the National Anthem, after which Berlioz' "Faust" was immediately taken in hand. It is somewhat unusual on such occasions to take any but a religious work first, but secular music has largely predominated throughout this year's Festival. Much need not be said of the performance; Mr. Lloyd's excellent interpretation of Faust is familiar to most concert-goers. The part of Margaret is not one in which Madame Albani is heard at her best. We must not forget to mention the sympathetic and artistic way in which Mr. Emil Kreuz played the viola solo in Margaret's first song. Mr. Watkin Mills gave a successful rendering of the part of Mephistopheles, while Mr. Brereton took that of Brander. The sopranos and tenors, who were doubtless feeling the effects of two days of arduous rehearsal, showed some of the defects mentioned above. As a whole, the performance was good, though Sir Arthur Sullivan showed a tendency to hurry some of the movements.

Wednesday evening.—The first of the novelties, Mr. Corder's "Sword of Argantyr," was produced on the evening of Wednesday, the part of Hervor being taken by Madame Valleria, that of Hjalmar by Mr. Piercy, while Mr. Barrington Foote took that of the Captain, Eric. Madame Valleria was suffering from severe indisposition, and was evidently quite unequal to the effort, which she only made in order to save Mr. Corder disappointment at the last moment. It would be ungenerous, therefore, to criticise her rendering of what must always be an ungrateful part. The choir sang with more attack and precision than at the morning performance, and did full justice to the best points in the work. Mr. Carrodus gave a good rendering of the violin obbligato in the invocation to Argantyr's spirit, and the orchestra was satis-

factory throughout. The composer, who conducted his own work, was warmly applauded and recalled at the close of the work.

A successful performance of the Third Act of "Tannhäuser" occupied the remainder of the evening, with Madame Valleria as Elizabeth, Mr. Lloyd as Tannhäuser, and Miss Fillunger as a not too satisfactory Venus. The chorus showed a marked improvement in intonation, except at the opening of the Pilgrim's Chorus, which was decidedly out of tune.

Thursday morning's performance opened with "God's Time is the best," one of a set of short cantatas which Bach wrote for each Sunday in the year. Miss Hilda Wilson was at her best in "Into Thy hands," and Mr. Brereton took the bass part. The choir, though not particularly steady, showed improvement.

Schubert's beautiful Mass in E \flat which followed, was marred by more than one serious slip on the part of the choir, but the performance was redeemed from mediocrity by the excellent singing of Miss Macintyre, Mr. Piercy, and Mr. Iver M'Kay. Miss Macintyre possesses a pure, flexible soprano voice, and sings in a simple, unaffected style, which created a profound impression on the audience.

The addition of "Acis and Galatea" to the already ample programme, was in our opinion a mistake, for though it is full of beauty in itself, it is scarcely the work to offer a half-tired-out audience. It went well, however, and served to increase Miss Macintyre's reputation.

Thursday evening was devoted to a somewhat more miscellaneous concert. It opened with Dr. Cresser's "Sacrifice of Freia," which occupied about half-an-hour, and was capitally sung by the choir, stirred up perhaps by the thought of doing full justice to their fellow-townsmen. The composer was fortunate in having Miss Macintyre, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Brereton as interpreters; and the work certainly did not labour under any of the disadvantages which had hampered Mr. Corder on the previous night. The "Sacrifice" was well received, and the composer, who conducted, was enthusiastically recalled.

Spohr's "Consecration of Sound" followed, in the execution of which the orchestra surpassed itself.

After a beautiful part-song, "The Rosy Dawn," by Mr. C. H. Lloyd, sung without accompaniment, under the bâton of the chorus-master, Mr. Alfred Broughton, and a song from Miss Macintyre, the second novelty of the evening, a Violin Suite from the pen of Dr. A. C. Mackenzie, called "Pibroch," was played by Senor Sarasate. It is scored for violin and orchestra, and consists of three movements. The first "Rhapsody" is of a wild, rhapsodical nature throughout; the second movement consists of a short theme and variations written in a bright, capricious style; the third is founded upon an old Scottish melody. Both these last movements are *tours de force* as regards technique, but Senor Sarasate as usual rose to the occasion, and dashed them off with brilliancy and apparent facility.

Friday morning.—Dr. Parry's "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day" may be termed the sensation of the morning. The performers seemed to come fresh to their work after a night's rest, and attacked it bravely and on the whole successfully. As far as it is possible to judge, Dr. Parry's work seems to be essentially "singable," and doubtless found favour with the choir on that account.

It would be a little presumptuous to criticise the way in which a composer conducts his own work, but Dr. Parry gave an unfortunate impression of hurry in some of his choruses.

Miss Macintyre and Mr. Brereton had the

solo work in their safe hands, and all went well. The latter was perhaps heard to greater advantage in it than in his previous appearances.

Sarasate played Mendelssohn's E minor Concerto in his usual artistic style, and the morning's performance ended with the Choral Symphony. Beethoven is not supposed to be Sir Arthur Sullivan's strongest point, but, in spite of slight unsteadiness in the time and some signs of fatigue on the part of the sopranos, the symphony went well. The quartet was taken by Miss Fillunger, Miss Damian, Mr. M'Kay, and Mr. Brereton. Miss Fillunger showed a decided improvement on her appearance in "Tannhäuser."

Friday evening.—The "Voyage of Maeldune" woke the choir up most effectually. Dr. Stanford has a happy knack of carrying away choir, orchestra, and audience with him, which is irresistible. Madame Albani, Miss Hilda Wilson, Messrs. Lloyd and Barrington Foote, were at their best, though the latter sang more than once slightly out of tune. The rendering of the quartet, "And we came to the Silent Isle," can only be described as beautiful. Mr. Lloyd created the part of Maeldune, and all who attempt it in the future will do well to imitate the model he has given them. The ballad, which was most enthusiastically received, was followed by Beethoven's Leonora Overture (No. 3), which calls for no special remark; and after a song, "Piano, piano," from Madame Albani, and a charming madrigal of Wilbye's, "Sweet honey-sucking Bees," the day's work was brought to a close with Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music. The fairylike lightness of the music served to show off the excellence of the band. Nothing could have surpassed the delicacy with which the violins played their brilliant and difficult passages. The song, "You spotted Snakes," was sung by Madame Albani and Miss Hilda Wilson.

Saturday morning.—This, the last performance of the Festival proper, opened with Brahms' "Requiem," a work which is comparatively little known in England, and which bade fair to prove the real landmark by which the Festival of 1889 would be remembered. It is a beautiful and devotional cantata, the libretto of which is taken from the Scriptures, and it was apparently written to the English words in which it was sung at Leeds. It consists chiefly of choral work, there being only two solos—one baritone, "Lord, make me know," sung by Mr. Watkin Mills, and the other, a soprano solo, kindly taken by Miss Fillunger in place of Madame Valleria, who was too ill to appear. The choruses are one and all very fine, the second, "in modo di Marcia," being one of the most successful. A clever Fugue, "Worthy art Thou," worked out in strict accordance to rule and written in a broad church style, occurs towards the close of the work. This movement is so grand and satisfying in itself that it might have been better to have placed it last, instead of allowing a new and less triumphant chorus to follow, in a way which suggests an anti-climax. We consider that one chorus, "The redeemed of the Lord," was spoilt by being taken at a far quicker speed than the metronome mark indicates.

The rest of the morning was devoted to a splendid performance of the "Hymn of Praise," in which Madame Albani took Madame Valleria's place, Miss Damian and Mr. Lloyd being the other soloists. The artistic way in which the latter takes the tenor part is beyond all praise and is too well known to need much comment. The old fault of unsteadiness was again apparent in the ensemble work; the opening movement, in particular, lost some of its dignity by the way in which some portions of it were

hurried. But the performance was on the whole good, and, considering the hard work of the week, the choir acquitted itself far better than might have been expected.

Saturday evening.—On Saturday evening an extra concert was given at rather more popular prices, the programme of which consisted of the "Golden Legend" and Sullivan's "Incidental Music to Macbeth." Madame Albani, who created the soprano part in the "Golden Legend" three years ago, took it again on this occasion, with Miss Damian, Mr. Lloyd (also one of the original cast), Mr. Watkin Mills, and Mr. Brereton singing the other solos. Every seat was taken long before the day of performance, and the room was therefore crowded. This appropriate tribute to the labours of the conductor brought the Festival of 1889 to a successful and even glorious end.

THE NEW WORKS.

We are glad to notice that the number of new works at this year's Leeds Festival has been kept up, and that their standard of excellence is as high, if not higher, than that of 1886. Unlike those of any previous Festival, the five new works which have just been so successfully given at Leeds are essentially British. Foreign art is all very well, but it is satisfactory to find that we are not entirely dependent upon it for our novelties, and it is surely right that native composers should have the first consideration of our Festival committees.

We understand that Brahms was invited to contribute a new work to this year's programme, but that ill-health compelled him to decline. Sir Arthur Sullivan, too, was prevented from completing the order with which he was commissioned; but both these composers have been well represented by the former's "Requiem" and Sullivan's "Golden Legend."

England has contributed Dr. Parry's "Ode on S. Cecilia's Day," local talent has been represented by Dr. Creser's "Sacrifice of Freia," Ireland by Dr. Stanford's "Voyage of Mael-dune," and Scotland by Dr. Mackenzie's "Pibroch."

The programme of 1886 has supplied choral societies and smaller festivals with at least two *pieces de résistance* in Dr. Stanford's "Revenge" and the "Golden Legend," both of which have become favourite and familiar works throughout the provinces, and we have little doubt such choral bodies will draw from this year's store of novelties for a fresh supply.

"The Sword of Argantyr."

In commenting upon Mr. Corder's new work we must not forget to congratulate him upon his happy choice of a subject. As a literary man, he has already had some experience, and the powerful libretto of "Argantyr" is from his own pen, and offers infinite opportunities for dramatic treatment. The story, which is recounted in very unserviceable language on the title-page of the work, is founded upon an old Scandinavian legend, and tells of a magic sword "Tyrfing," made by an earthman for a Norse king, Argantyr, upon the blade of which was engraved the rune,—

Draw me not, except in fray :

Drawn, I pierce ; and piercing, slay.

The sword is buried with Argantyr at his death, on the Island of Samsø, his grave being surrounded with a ring of fire; and in this and other particulars Mr. Corder approaches dangerously near to some of the incidents in the Niebelungen Ring. His story turns upon the recovery of Tyrfing by Hervor, a descendant of Argantyr, aided by Hjalmar, a shepherd, who has been placed by Odin upon the Isle of

Samsø. Having braved the fire together, and recovered the sword, Hervor and Hjalmar fall in love with each other as a matter of course, and, for no apparent reason, struggle for the possession of the weapon, which is accidentally drawn, and, piercing Hjalmar's thigh, kills him, in fulfilment of the rune engraved upon its blade.

The music is as thoroughly "Wagnerian" in its aims as might have been expected from one so proverbially devoted to the great master, and, as such, it is a step in the right direction. We find motives carefully worked out in imitation of those of Wagner, we find real knowledge of orchestral effect, and we find enthusiasm. The choruses are almost universally good. They are melodious—especially the Reindeer song, which is a wild northern song for women's voices only, and which may be considered the most popular number of the work; they are dramatic, particularly the chorus of mutinous sailors—"Strike down the Captain," and the "Flame Chorus" as Hervor approaches the ring of fire; they show good contrapuntal writing, as in the short Fugue "The Ocean is boundless," and in the Trio "Love is abjured;" but it is in his solos that Mr. Corder is less successful; they lack melody, and are, as a whole, undoubtedly dull. From his evident knowledge of part-writing and of voice-treatment more attractive results might have been expected in his solo work; excepting in the case of the baritone song, "Argantyr has hidden away to the Chase," it is never commonplace, but it lacks the true spirit of melody with which Wagner—*pace* Mendelssohnians—never failed to inspire his solos. The "Silly Sheep Song," as it is irreverently termed, addressed by Hjalmar to his flock, is perhaps the most melodious of Mr. Corder's solos. It is to be hoped that the "Sword of Argantyr" will not be put aside on account of these weaknesses; it shows undoubted talent, real earnestness of purpose, and cleverness of treatment, and it would be difficult to say what Mr. Corder, who is still a young man, and who has up to now laboured under considerable disadvantages, may develop into, as a composer of the new school, in years to come.

"The Sacrifice of Freia."

In fulfilment of the old adage concerning the relations between the prophet and his own country, we consider that Dr. Creser has had to bear a good deal of undeserved criticism on his decidedly clever work. London musicians are apt to forget that any good thing *can* come out of the provinces, and look upon local efforts as deserving only half-contemptuous notice, or very faint praise indeed. As a matter of fact, Dr. Creser's work is quite good enough to stand on its own merits and to be judged like the work of any other musician.

His libretto is one of the last from the pen of the late Dr. Hueffer, who had intended it as only a part of a longer poem, and contains very little actual story. It is a work in which the two religions are pitted against each other, and in which the worship of Freia has decidedly the advantage over Christianity. The librettist is guilty of one or two slight anachronisms—notably in the Roman Soldiers' Chorus "Pange, lingua," but the good use which the composer has made of the opportunities so given must be our excuse for passing them over.

The "Sacrifice of Freia" is in one sense "Wagnerian," in that it teems with *Leitmotive*, but his style is far less ambitious than that of most of the "musicians of the future." He has a clear, straightforward way of writing, and a freshness of idea which have a certain charm of their own. It is a little unfortunate that one of his chief themes, "Lend us thine ear," bears

so strong a resemblance to the prayer of Rienzi, for everywhere else his work is undoubtedly original.

His orchestration, too, is distinctly above the average, and his motives, which are cleverly worked in together at the finale, are so suggestive that a cantata twice the length of "Freia" might have been built upon the same material. One—the Thor motive—is particularly powerful. The first chorus, "Whither away," and the maiden's solo, "Poor and Meek," are perhaps the most successful numbers. The nature of the subject does not admit of much contrapuntal writing, and, throughout the work, chord-music predominates.

"Ode on S. Cecilia's Day."

It is no easy matter to keep up a high reputation, and still less easy is it to raise it yet higher, as we believe Dr. Hubert Parry to have done in the case of his "Ode on S. Cecilia's Day." Much has been expected of the composer of such works as "Judith" and "Blest pair of Syrens," and public expectation has been more than realized in his new ode.

He has chosen for his libretto Pope's beautiful poem upon a saint who was once much in request as a subject of musical works, but who has been neglected by the musicians of modern times.

Dr. Parry has a style entirely his own. He is never guilty of a dull or unmusically bar or of a suggestion of plagiarism, though no suspicion of straining after originality, so common a fault in these days of "new things," ever mars his work. He represents, and in a sense leads, the English school of music in its highest branches, and in his dignified, musicianly, and beautiful way of writing, he sets an example which many of the restless young composers of the present day would do well to follow. In such an essentially musical poem as the one which Dr. Parry has chosen, the temptation to a less experienced master might have been to descend to realistic orchestration, as at "Let the loud trumpet sound," but it is one to which he has never yielded.

The opening movement, a prelude of some ninety bars, is enough to arrest the most wandering attention, and shows clearly the serious, dignified way in which the subject is about to be treated, and leads to a chorus, "Descend, ye nine," perhaps the finest number in the work. The organ peals in at the words "the deep, majestic organ blow." This is followed by a few orchestral bars strongly reminiscent of the opening phrase of Sullivan's "Lost Chord." The composer's breadth of style comes to the fore in this chorus, which is one great piece of massive, triumphant exaltation until the words, "Till by degrees remote and small the strains decay," is reached, when a beautiful diminuendo is begun, which continues to the end of the movement. The next chorus, "But when our country's cause," is a striking example of martial music. It is worked out with the greatest spirit to the end. "By the streams that ever flow," a chorus which is practically unaccompanied, is full of flowing melody and smooth part-writing. The solos are one and all good. The first, "By music," for baritone, is melodious and in every way attractive; and the soprano solo, "But when through all the Infernal Bounds," is descriptive and dramatic. The interval of the augmented second, B \sharp to C \sharp , recurs frequently during this song, and is a happy means of securing a weird and supernatural effect. Of the remaining solos, "Now under hanging mountains," for soprano, and "Music the fiercest grief can charm," are perhaps the best; the latter is especially full of touching melody, and

the beautiful words are wedded to yet more beautiful music.

It is presumptuous even to attempt to criticise such a work as Dr. Parry's in our few available lines, but we have no doubt that it will be familiar to most choral societies within a few months, and that it will gain the popularity it deserves.

"The Voyage of Maeldune."

As regards the novelties, the "Voyage of Maeldune" may be considered the success of the Festival, both for its intrinsic beauty and for the popularity which it attained at first hearing. Dr. Stanford represents no school but his own; he is original from the first note to the last, and as dramatic in his effects as music could well be made to be.

He was fortunate in hitting upon Lord Tennyson's beautiful ballad as a subject, and the poem was fortunate in having him as interpreter, for together they make up a very perfect whole.

The story of the ballad is probably familiar to our readers. It tells of how Maeldune, a chief of the Island of Finn, journeys from island to island in search of the enemy who had killed his father, and how he is turned at last from his desire for revenge by an aged saint, who points out to him the law of Christian forgiveness.

As regards the music, Dr. Stanford of course employs his share of representative themes—who does not in these days of advancement and progress? But he employs them with considerably more than common skill. The opening or vengeance motive is very cleverly treated, being heard first in common and afterwards in triple time; first in the minor key, and later, when the influence of Christian forgiveness is beginning to be felt, in the major key. The "Voyage motive," too, which is heard between almost each verse of the poem, is cleverly contrived, and never appears twice in the same form. It is particularly suggestive of the rocking motion of the sea.

As can be conceived, some of the verses adapt themselves far more readily to musical treatment than others. The visit to the Island of Silence would seem almost impossible to depict, but Dr. Stanford has succeeded in producing an effect of utter loneliness and desolation, if not of actual silence.

The ballad opens with a vigorous tenor solo, in which Maeldune recounts the object of his expedition. After a short chorus, the "Voyage motive," which is suggestive of a barcarolle, is fully set out, after which follows the "Silent Isle" chorus, a clever piece of descriptive writing, in which the silence and dreariness become almost oppressive. We noticed a curious orchestral effect as the ship emerges from the Isle of Silence—a gradual crescendo, which the *Times* correspondent describes as produced by the removal of the mutes one by one from the strings.

After a recurrence of the "Voyage motive" comes the "Island of Shouting" Chorus, the subject of which ascends with great leaps, giving an impression of wild clamour and confusion.

The "Isle of Flowers" is treated in a tenor solo, the accompaniment of which is light, graceful, and, if we may use the expression, flowery. This is afterwards taken up by the choir, and splendidly worked up to a great climax at the words, "We tore the flowers up by the million," suggestive of irritation and uncontrolled fury. The solo is repeated in the visit to the Isle of Fruits. In the Isle of Fire we have a grand piece of descriptive music; the flames seem to burst up on every side, and

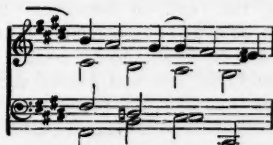
to swallow up everything in their devouring rage. The quartett in the "Undersea Isle" is considered the most beautiful number in the whole cantata. The chorus of witches, the words of which are taken from Lord Tennyson's "Sea Fairies," is weird and unearthly, and the accompaniment cleverly contrived. The "Isle of the Saint" Chorus is written in solemn strain, the part of the Saint being given to a bass voice. The last striking point in the work is where Maeldune sees his foe, and, after a long and thrilling silence, "lets him be."

The whole work is as good an illustration of dramatic and descriptive writing as could be met with, and is likely to vie with, if not surpass, the popularity of Dr. Stanford's previous successes. Musically, "Maeldune" is a great advance on the "Revenge." The subject itself is more many-sided, and shows that the composer not only knows how to treat battles and "blood-and-thunder" incidents, but also the tenderer emotions and more poetical sides of life.

Bach's Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues.

SUSPENSIONS.

It would be difficult to name any other work from which more interesting and more varied illustrations of suspensions could be drawn than these Preludes and Fugues. Sometimes Bach gives us the suspensions of the 4th and of the 9th in the plainest form imaginable; but, as a rule, there is something either in the part-writing or in the mode of resolution specially calculated to attract our attention. It is indeed marvellous how much can be gathered from one single prelude or fugue. Take, for instance, Fugue 9, Bk. 2, bar 22—



There are at the opening and close two plain examples of a suspension of the 4th, while on the third minim we have a second inversion of the suspension of the 9th.

Bar 4—



at the opening has the inversion of the suspension of 4th, with the discord in the bass; and at the third minim a similar inversion of the 9th. A still better example of the latter is to be found in bar 39—



Here there are two things to notice. First, that the resolution is not on same root, but on one a third lower: the *d sharp* 9th of *c sharp* resolves on *c sharp* third of root *a*; and the same sort of resolution occurs at the third minim. Then in both cases an intervening note renders the resolution ornamental. A similar passage in bars 42 and 43 shows the suspension of the 9th in the first inversion.

In bar 7 we have combined suspensions of

4th and 9th. A good example of resolutions of the 9th on to same root but with a different position of the chord may be found in Fugue 24, Bk. 1, bars 17-20. It begins thus—

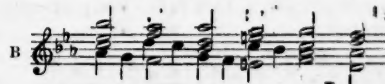


And of resolutions of 9th on to roots a third lower in Fugue 7, Bk. 1, beginning seven bars from the end. An examination of this passage will well repay the student for the time spent on it.

Let A represent passage reduced to its simplest form—



B is above with addition of passing notes—



C has an alteration of upper part. The other notes of the chord are taken in arpeggio form, forming an interesting ornamental resolution.



Some slight alterations or rather fillings-out of chords would be requisite to bring the passage to the Bach form, but we leave the student to compare the bald sketch with the finished structure.

Of resolutions of 4th on new roots, the following phrase from Fugue 18, Bk. 1, gives an attractive illustration:—



The 4th *g sharp* on root *d sharp* resolves on 1st inversion of common chord on root *b*: the *a sharp* in upper part is merely a passing note. The *e* at beginning of the second bar and its resolution may be explained in a similar manner.

Here are two ornamental resolutions of the suspension of the 4th, remarkable for their skill and boldness. The first is from Fugue 6, Bk. 1—



The resolution of the *d* is delayed until the end of the bar by means of another note of the chord, and also of an appoggiatura note. Notice also the false relation effect of the *g sharp* in the upper, and the *g natural* in the lower part. The one is an appoggiatura, the other a passing note.

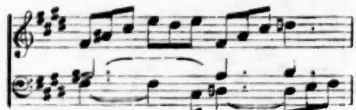
Our second illustration is from Prelude 12 of the same book.



The *f* is only resolved at the end of the bar.

But let us now look at the two examples of the suspension of the augmented 5th on the mediant of the minor scale.

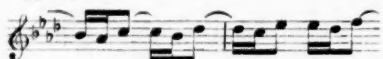
In Prelude 9, Bk. 1, we find (bar 6)—



And in Prelude 11 (Bk. 2), bars 38 and 39—



in which we have also a suspension of the 9th (1st inversion). The augmented 5th in the three last examples would be called by some writers a retardation rather than a suspension. A graceful chain of suspensions is to be found in Prelude 12, Bk. 1, bars 6-8. We give only the upper part—



The chain consists of a suspension of the 9th, followed by three 1st inversion of the same, and then a suspension as at beginning.

The following suspensions are interesting, from Fugue 21 (Bk. 1):—



The *b flat* in first bar is ornamentally resolved, while the *c* in second bar falls to the 3rd of chord, the proper note of resolution, *b flat*, being taken up by another part.

Much might be said about double and triple suspensions, but we must be content to give one example of each kind.

Here is a double suspension of 4th and 9th, with the somewhat rare occurrence of the 3rd sounding at the same time with the fourth. It is from the first Prelude of Bk. 2, near the close—



Here is a triple suspension from Prelude 11 (Bk. 2), a Prelude rich in suspensions—



We have suspensions of 9th and 4th combined with rising 7th.

In conclusion we would give, as a sort of puzzle, the following from the same Prelude:—



(To be continued.)

MME. MINNIE HAUKE has bought for a residence the Villa Tribschen, on the Lake of Lucerne—the house in which Wagner resided from 1866 till early in 1872, and in which he finished "Die Meistersinger," and wrote a good part of the music of "Siegfried" and "Die Götterdämmerung."

Peasant or Prima Donna.

BY AN OLD IMPRESARIO.

—o:—

OUR luncheon-party on that eventful Sunday was rather more lively than pleasant. Stornelli, in whom an evil spirit seemed to have been aroused by the presence of the clergyman, and who appeared, moreover, to wish to indemnify himself for his enforced good conduct at church, behaved in a most outrageous manner. He began by attempting to argue on religious subjects with the martial-looking Mr. Lucas, who, however, steadily refused to be drawn into a discussion. Then Stornelli changed his tone, and with an apparently humble desire for information, began to ask questions about certain peculiar customs, which he pretended to have heard were practised in the Church of England. In vain Mrs. Fitzhugh attempted to change the conversation, while I ably seconded her by monopolizing the squire's attention, and thus prevented his hearing what was going on at the other end of the table. All through our somewhat laboured small-talk I could hear the clerical visitor being peppered with queries of the following type, put with an air of the most infantine innocence:—

"Is it true that after your Harvest Thanksgiving Services you hold auctions in your churches and dispose of the fruit and vegetables to the highest bidder?"

This error having been vehemently contradicted, a minute or two later I heard, "That is an odd custom of yours, forcing all deceased wives' sisters to enter Protestant convents for fear their bereaved brothers-in-law should insist upon marrying them."

Towards the end of luncheon Stornelli appeared to be explaining some of the religious peculiarities of Roumania to his clerical friend; and as a good deal less was known about that country then than now, the rector was swallowing this information with evident gusto.

"Yes," I heard the tenor saying, "the great majority of the lower orders worship cats, but only tortoiseshells. The priests keep a breed of what are called 'Holy Tortoiseshells,' and when any die their tails are cut off, and preserved in spirits of wine as precious relics."

"Dear, dear me, how very curious!" murmured good Mr. Lucas, who, I felt sure, was inwardly resolving to read a paper on the "Religious Customs of the Roumanians" at the next clerical meeting. By this time, however, Mrs. Fitzhugh could contain herself no longer. By a turn of her wrist she upset Stornelli's tumbler of claret over his light summer trousers, and in the confusion caused by this unfortunate accident, luncheon was brought to a close without any actual explosion having occurred.

The whole party now adjourned to the garden, where everybody seemed unconsciously to conspire together to favour my project of taking an "afternoon out." The squire and the rector, both of whom, it appeared, were distinguished amateur gardeners, had strolled off together in the direction of the hot-houses. Stornelli, now attired in an elaborate smoking-suit, which he was wont to call his "tea-gown," lay stretched at full length in his favourite lounging-chair, listening, with no visible signs of penitence, to a lecture from Mrs. Fitzhugh upon his abominable behaviour at luncheon. At a little distance from them, Miss Hardway

and Captain Dunstan were seated, with their heads close together. It seemed that the young man, re-assured by the fact that Miss Hardway was neither young nor beautiful, and had, apparently, no designs upon himself, had struck up an undemonstrative sort of friendship with her. He was now explaining in the mystic language of the "Pink 'Un," the intricacies of his betting-book, and showing how the "oof-bird" might be gently enticed by means of a judicious system of hedging.

The heir of the Fitzhugh name and million was attempting, much to the detriment of his Sunday suit, to imitate the performances of a boneless man whom he had seen on a recent visit to the circus. It was clear that "I never should be missed." Still, it might arouse suspicion should I take a lengthened leave of absence without accounting for it beforehand to my hostess. So I carefully explained that I was about to take a long walk, that I always did so when in the country on Sunday, and that there was nothing I enjoyed so much. Mrs. Fitzhugh listened graciously to these mendacious statements, warned me not to lose my way, begged me to be back in time for five o'clock tea, and, like the tactful creature she was, did not insist upon my going in a particular direction to see a round tower or a Roman encampment.

I was just starting off, feeling very well satisfied with the way in which affairs had arranged themselves, when Master Fitzhugh unexpectedly came right end uppermost, and piped out, "I know where he's going; he's going to chapel."

I paused, thunderstruck at such a specimen of unnatural acuteness, but the next moment I was reassured by a burst of derisive laughter from the group under the tree, who treated this statement as merely one of the preposterous inventions so often indulged in by innocent childhood. I hurried off in the opposite direction to that in which I intended to go, dodged round the back of the house, and so out of the lodge-gate, and along the road by which I had been driven from the station. Presently I observed a few people, all of the labouring class, straggling along ahead of me, in little groups of twos and threes. Following in their footsteps I passed the Cat and Compasses, and soon found myself outside the little square, whitewashed chapel.

Although it was still early, the building was already tolerably full, for the rustic mind does not like to be hurried, and clocks are apt to be uncertain guides in country places. Everybody was sitting on backless forms, the young people filling up the time by whispering and giggling, the children indulging in smothered romps. There was a very small decrepit-looking harmonium, at which sat a little hunchbacked man, who was noticeable for his finely-shaped head and dark deep-set eyes. I looked with interest at all the young women within my range of vision, but could identify none of them with my dairymaid of the preceding evening. They were all fearfully and wonderfully dressed, and looked extremely conscious of the neighbourhood of the young men, who outnumbered them in the proportion of three to one, as appears to be usually the case in these favoured country districts.

The service was opened by a long extempore prayer, which, unfortunately for my soul's health, I was unable to understand, owing to the fact that it was delivered in the East Anglian dialect. Then came what, in my estimation, was by far the most important part of the service. The hymn was given out, and I sat quivering with excitement while the little hunchback played over the tune on his broken-winded

old instrument. As soon as the singing began, there was no longer any doubt as to which of the young women present was my new discovery, for the first verse of the hymn was sung as a solo by this village prima donna. Florid as were both music and words, the latter, indeed, reminding one of a jeweller's catalogue in the descriptive epithets applied to the "better land," I defy any one to have listened unmoved to the whole performance. I was delighted to find that my impressions of the previous evening were more than confirmed. The voice sounded, as was only natural, even fuller and more vibrating at such close quarters than at a distance and in the open air. The singer, too, was aided, guided, and supported in the most sympathetic style by the hunchback, who, whatever he may have lacked in execution, proved himself to be that rarest of all birds, a born accompanist.

Alternately with the solo verse came a short chorus, in which every person present joined in unison. The men roared, the women and children screamed, the old people quavered, till the windows rattled again. If sound lungs may be taken as a sign of a good conscience, then must every member of that congregation have been a very model of virtue.

During the long discourse that followed the hymn, I had ample leisure to take stock of my new discovery. I must confess that my first feeling was one of consternation. Whatever artistic feeling the girl may have possessed certainly did not show itself in the harmony of her attire, the various colours in which were using extremely bad language to one another. In the first place, she wore a merino dress of a blue crude enough to set an observer's teeth on edge. Round her neck was a pink silk tie fastened by a gilt brooch about the size of a small cauliflower. On her white straw hat flourished a whole bed of flowers, not one of which would have blossomed in its natural state at the same time of year as any of the others. Her costume was completed by a pair of long mustard-coloured thread gloves.

So far my observations had not been particularly encouraging, but fortunately Betty's face was better than her clothes. Without any pretensions to beauty, she possessed a sort of honest comeliness, which not even blunt features and a sunburnt skin could wholly mar. Her eyes were soft and brown, her expression good-tempered, and her hair had what looked like a natural crinkle in it. I was pleased at this latter fact, because I have the same belief in curly hair that the Duke of Wellington had in big noses. Altogether, matters might have been worse, although it was difficult enough to imagine that placid young woman ever working herself up into the frenzies of a Fides, an Azucena, or an Ortrud.

As I had anticipated, on leaving the chapel, Betty and a young man, presumably Tom, drifted away together in blissful silence, with the whole width of the road between them, as seems to be the custom of country lovers. A little way ahead of me I noticed the hunchback player, and him I decided to overtake and accost.

"A warm day," I remarked tentatively, as I came alongside of him.

"Warm it is, sir," he replied, touching his hat, and with a cordiality of manner which was more than the self-evident inanity of my remark deserved. But I suppose that country people cannot afford to be conversational critics. I need not weary the reader with a detailed account of the wily and roundabout manner in which I insinuated myself into the confidence of that little hunchback, nor of the story of his life and adventures with which I

was subsequently favoured. Not that the latter was by any means lacking in interest to the student of character, such as a man of my profession must necessarily be.

Ziber Nichols, for such was the hunchback's name, combined, it appeared, the rôle of musician with that of cobbler. Cobblers, from Hans Sachs downwards, have generally been men of a reflective turn of mind, with independent opinions, and a taste for art in one form or another. Ziber Nichols was no exception to this rule. As a youth, he had been apprenticed to a shoemaker in Norwich, and there he had attracted the attention of a parish organist, who taught him the rudiments of music, and to play the harmonium after a fashion. Nichols had also, he informed me, taught himself to play the violin, the "big fiddle," the cornet, and—the concertina. Life in a town, he had found, did not suit a man who laboured under his physical disadvantages; therefore, as soon as his articles were out, he had returned to his native village and set up for himself as a master shoemaker and cobbler.

At Dunstanthorpe this humble musician found no outlet for his talent except by playing the chapel harmonium, teaching the cornet or the fiddle to such of the village louts who fancied they had a taste that way, and leading the "waits" at Christmas time. Nichols was, it appeared, a Churchman by conviction, a Dissenter by force of circumstances. His father had been parish clerk and leader of the church choir, his grandfather had played the "big fiddle" in the gallery, before both gallery and musicians had been "improved" out of the church. This latter gentleman, I learnt, had been bedridden for many years before his death, and being unable to read anything but music, had been accustomed to have his 'cello placed on his chest, and to play it as he lay on his back through the long and lonely hours, which struck me as a somewhat remarkable feat.

The grandson, no unworthy scion of such a musical house, having no voice, and finding the post of church organist already filled up, was reluctantly compelled to join the Dissenters for the sake of their harmonium. The brightest spot in the life of the little hunchback was evidently his connection with Betty Bond, to whom he had taught all she knew, which, if not very much, had still been in the right direction. Betty had compensated him for the disappointment caused him by his rustic pupils, who usually fell away from him one after another, as the technical difficulties of the fiddle or the cornet became too much for their thick heads and stiff fingers. The unselfishness of the hunchback's feeling for Betty was proved by the eagerness with which he caught at my suggestion that such a voice, if properly trained, ought to be the means of earning an honest livelihood, if nothing more, for its owner. I explained that I was connected with the musical profession, and might possibly find it worth my while to undertake the expense and risk of Betty's training, if she would place herself in my hands.

I soon discovered that the hunchback was most anxious that Betty should leave her present situation, and this was a trump card in my hand. It appeared that not only was Betty's mistress a "muddler," but that she was well matched in this respect by her husband. The farm was rapidly going to the dogs, and, in Nichols' opinion, "a reg'lar smash-up" was imminent. Meanwhile the work was hard, the wages small, and Betty was learning little that would be of service to her in "a gentleman's family." Fortunately, Nichols seemed to have

no misgivings or scruples on the subject of the artistic profession. Probably he knew too little about it. I found, however, that he considered himself quite an authority on the subject of concerts and concert-singers. During the period of his apprenticeship in Norwich, one of the triennial musical festivals had taken place, and though the cheapest tickets cost five shillings, he had pawned his watch and gone to two of the performances,—"Elijah" and Berlioz' "Faust," or "Burly's Forst," as he pronounced it. On that occasion he had been inspired with an immense respect and admiration for the singers. He related how—

"There were bu'tiful ladies with voices that went right through yer head, and made yer jump. And there was a gentleman with a deep voice, a quiet, respectable-looking gentleman; but one night he pretended to be the Devil, and I fared as though I could follow him anywhere, even down below, and trouble nothing about the fire or the worm, so long as I could sit and hear him sing. And the next night," went on this cobbler enthusiast, "he pretended to be Elijah, and all the while he was a-singing I had to grip hold of the seat with both hands to keep me down; seemed as if my soul wanted to fly right away with my body. Lor', that was a reg'lar masterpiece," he concluded, with a sigh of satisfaction over the mere retrospect.

I believe I made a friend for life of that little hunchback by promising to send him some tickets for the next Norwich Festival, which was to be held during the October of that same year. He overwhelmed me with thanks, and expressed his intention of doing everything in his power to aid me in my project in regard to Betty's future career. On this understanding we parted, mutually satisfied, at the park gates.

When I got back to the house I found afternoon tea just over, but my hostess, Miss Hardway, and Stornelli were still seated under the tree where I had left them. The tenor was holding forth in the manner peculiar to him when in exclusively feminine society.

"Yes," he was saying as I came up, "I can so thoroughly feel with that Madame de Somebody who said, 'I have so many who love me, but so few who amuse me.'"

"I daresay you can," returned Miss Hardway snubbingly, "with the second part of the sentiment, at any rate."

"Not more than with the first," said Stornelli, a little piqued. "At least, if I may judge from the number of *billets doux* I receive; I might light my fire with them every morning during the London season."

"Oh, but that sort of thing goes for nothing," said Mrs. Fitzhugh; "it is merely what in Germany they call 'Schwärmerei,' only we have no equivalent for it in England. It is a phase of art-worship, only the medium is worshipped instead of the art itself."

"I daresay you are right," returned Stornelli languidly; "indeed, to return to the point of interest, namely, Myself, of course I am perfectly well aware that it is my voice, combined with my face, that people fall in love with, and write pretty letters to. It is a note like this they find so irresistible."

So saying, he suddenly and softly attacked a high note, A or B flat I should say, gradually swelled it out, held it an inordinate time, and then let it die away as softly as he had begun. I must allow that it was a very fine note, straight from the chest, while to produce it in such a manner wholly without preparation was in itself no small feat. But on this occasion distance did not appear to lend enchantment, for a few minutes later old Mr. Fitzhugh hurried up in evident excitement, and said to his daughter,—

of the musical profession, who at present are compelled to rely for their facts upon those more or less blind guides—the musical dictionaries.

A SILLY controversy has, it is alleged, arisen in Leipsic. Because the authorities of the church of St. Thomas there propose to consecrate a chapel to the memory of Mendelssohn, the anti-Semites have made the portentous discovery that Mendelssohn was descended from a Jew. Hence the rumpus. Perhaps these simpletons will some day recollect that it is not an absolutely unique honour to claim descent from Noah.

MR. PLUNKETT GREENE has been offered an engagement for two years at the Munich Opera House, but we understand that no definite arrangement for such a term has yet been made. He will, however, appear there in three rôles, as Sarastro in the "Zauberflöte," the Landgrave in "Tannhäuser," and the King in "Lohengrin." Before this he will sing at Berlin on November 4th in a concert of the Wagner-Verein to be conducted by Herr Carl Klindworth.

In the description of the almost unique library of old playbills collected by Mr. W. Henderson, of the firm of Henderson, Rait, & Spalding, music type printers, are twenty-three folio volumes, containing 2700 playbills, illustrating the progress of music on the British stage from the middle of the last century up to the present time. They begin with the "Beggars' Opera" and end with Wagner's "Parsifal" and Verdi's "Otello." "Parsifal," by the way, has not yet been produced upon the British stage, and I doubt very much whether it ever will. The bills contain the names of most of the great singers who have appeared here during the last 150 years, from Handel's tenor, Beard, Dr. Arne's tenor, Lowe, Mrs. Clive, Mrs. Cibber, Anne Catley, and Charles Dibdin (in his teens), and others, to Malibran, Grisi, Jenny Lind, Alboni, Titiens, Patti, Nilsson, Trebelli, Albani, Lablache, Rubini, Mario, Braham, Reeves, Santley, and Tamagno. They almost furnish a history of Italian opera, and also show the gradual progress of English opera during the time of Dibdin, Shield, Storace, Michael Kelly, and Bishop, to those of more modern men, such as Wallace, Balfe, Benedict, and Macfarren, and to the last compositions of Gilbert and Sullivan, Stephenson and Cellier, Corder, Stanford, Mackenzie, and Goring Thomas. Included in this section of Mr. Henderson's extraordinary collection are bills relating to the old musical plays and the lyric drama, besides various other works down to the recent productions at the Royal Italian Opera.

THE popular young violinist, Miss Teresina Tua, is, it is announced, engaged to be married to the Count Franchi-Verney, the musical critic of a Turin newspaper, and better known under the *nom de plume* of "Ippolito Valletta." The journalist, however, is about to quit Turin and to settle down in Rome, where he will become musical critic of a new newspaper, *La Ragione*.

It is curious to observe how many of our most popular songs have owed their origin to the merest chance. This was the case with "Nancy Lee." It was written by Mr. Frederick E. Weatherley, at Oxford, because a pupil failed to keep an appointment. "I wrote the song in an hour," says the author. "The idea of the piece came suddenly to me while I was wondering why my pupil did not come, and the whole thing was written off there and then."

Mr. Weatherley, who is one of the most successful writers of verse set to music, says that the ideas for his songs come at the most unexpected moments. It is while walking along the Strand or in some crowded thoroughfare that most ideas come; but he adds that scarcely any of his songs indicate the circumstances

under which they were written. His nautical songs were composed far from the sea, and his rural ones miles from the country. Above all things, he must feel happy. His most melancholy dirges were composed when he was in the best of spirits.

FIFTY years ago there was not a more popular song than "Rory O'More." The author, Samuel Lover, thus relates its origin:—"From an early period I had felt that Irish comic songs (so called) were but generally coarse and vulgar—devoid of that mixture of fun and feeling so strongly blended in the Irish character, and having expressed this opinion in a company where the subject was being discussed, I was met with that taunting question which sometimes supplies the place of argument, viz. 'Could you do better?' I said I would try, and 'Rory O'More' was the answer." The song proved so successful that Lover followed it up, first with a novel and then with a drama, both under the same title.

"MY PRETTY JANE," one of the most profitable songs to publishers ever written, originated as follows:—Mr. Fitzball, the author, while a lad, was in the habit of walking up one of the pretty walled lanes of Burwell—a picturesque village near Newmarket—to look after his father's land. Near one of these lanes resided a farmer, whose only daughter Jane was occasionally to be seen by Fitzball peering over a very clean and pretty white blind, only her nose, eyes, forehead, ears, and hair visible, all of which were of surpassing loveliness. Sometimes she would nod to him with artless simplicity as he passed, and this so inflamed his heart that the result was "My Pretty Jane," written in one of his father's fields just "when the bloom was on the rye." The heroine of the song, it is melancholy to add, died of consumption while still young, but before her death Mr. Fitzball had painted her likeness, and the portrait is now in the possession of his daughter.

"SOME DAY," one of Milton Wellings' most successful songs, was written under very painful circumstances. His wife was out yachting with friends, and it was rumoured that the vessel had met with an accident. He telegraphed several times to Cowes, Isle of Wight, whither he knew his wife had gone, but received no reply. During this time of suspense he by chance picked up the words of "Some Day," and he was so struck by the line—"Or are you dead or do you live?" that the melody flashed through his mind at once. The same writer's well-known song, "It was many a Year ago," was composed when he had lost his only child but one week.

That very popular Scotch song, "The Flowers of the Forest," was the outcome of a wager. Miss Elliot, the authoress, was riding home one night with her brother Gilbert. They began to speak of the battle of Flodden, and Gilbert made a wager of a pair of gloves that she could not write a ballad on Flodden. The gloves were won, for next day the song was produced.

"Scots Wha Hae" was conceived by Burns while riding on horseback over a lonely moor in the midst of a thunderstorm. America's second national anthem, "The Star-spangled Banner," was composed by Francis Scott Key while watching the bombardment of Fort M'Henry in the early days of the Secession War.

THE late Henry Michael Angelo Grattan Cooke, whose death was recorded last month, was generally considered the finest oboe-player in Europe. He was a great friend of Mendelssohn, and in a letter to the *Times*, "G." tells the following anecdote relating to their acquaintance:—"After the first rehearsal of 'Elijah' in England, Cooke jokingly complained to Mendelssohn that he had given him no solos throughout the work, on which the composer took his score, and put in the long-holding C's for the oboe over the words of the youth, 'There is nothing; the heav'n's are as brass above me.'"

Apropos of the above story, a correspondent writes to a contemporary:—"Your readers may be amused at the following instance of Grattan Cooke's playful nature, which I witnessed more years ago than I care to remember. It happened at one of the Ancient Concerts in the old Hanover Square Rooms. Chipp had left his big drums, which, from their size, were called the Tower Drums, during the singing of a solo. In the midst of a soft passage Cooke signalled to one of the chorus near him to crumple up his programme into a ball, and throw it to him. This was done; and as the missile neared he lent on one side and let it fall on the drum, which was placed on the slant. The paper ball accordingly went 'Pom; pom, pom—pom—pom' down the drum, to the amazement of the singer and the audience, who were not prepared for the novel effect, while poor Cooke sat, a picture of innocence, apparently enjoying the beauties of the solo."

COLONEL HENRY MAPLESON having started the Marie Roze party on tour in the English provinces, has temporarily returned to France, where he is undergoing the development necessary for becoming a full-blown landed proprietor. He has purchased the estate of Egrefin, and, finding the old chateau uninhabitable, the Colonel has had it pulled down, and is stage-managing the erection of a modern house. The Chateau d'Egrefin is, it seems, famous for the remarkably fine wites grown on the estate.

THE latest fad to entice trade is to entertain would-be customers with music. While a New York *Evening Sun* reporter was recently making a few purchases at a general hardware and sporting goods store, he heard the delightful strains of a Strauss waltz.

In an alcove of a store a harpist, two violinists, and a flutist were doing their best to entertain the purchasers. They were good musicians, too, and their music was vastly superior to that usually furnished by street players.

The old saying that "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast" was hardly applicable to this particular crowd, but certain it is that hardly a man or woman in the store failed to show the pleasure he or she experienced while waiting for the clerks to open and display new packages of goods.

THE women were particularly delighted with the music. Some of them walked about more gracefully than they otherwise would have done; others hummed the strains as though thoroughly acquainted with the music, and their eyes bespoke the delight they were experiencing.

All this while the proprietor moved about as though unconscious of the pleasure he was affording his patrons. When spoken to about the music, he said,—

"Yes, I suppose it is pretty good music, but I don't know much about it, and so I keep my mouth shut. But I'll tell you one thing: it is a right good advertising scheme, and my business has almost quadrupled since I engaged the orchestra, several weeks ago. My idea was laughed at a little at the start by my neighbours, but now they fully realize that I am making a good thing out of it."

"What kind of music do they play?"

"Oh, all the popular music. I told them to play nothing else at the start, until I'd see how 'twould work. Later they may sandwich in a few classical pieces."

It may interest our readers to know that Miss Ethel and Mr. Harold Bauer will perform at a concert in Glasgow on November 5. The concert-giver is Mr. Wareham (tenor), and the other performers are Mr. Andrew Black and Madame Clara Samuel. The gifted brother and sister will also be heard at the Cheltenham Montpellier Rotunda Subscription Concerts on November 23, where they do the entire programme (including the Kreutzer Sonata), with the exception of two songs by Miss Emilie Lloyd.

Foreign Notes.

MR. W. BARCLAY SQUIRE has, it is said, just discovered in a convent in the Austrian Tyrol several Masses in three parts, attributed to the famous English musician John Dunstable, who flourished in the early part of the fifteenth century, and who was once absurdly enough credited with being the "inventor" of counterpoint. There is no doubt that Dunstable was in his day a great musician, and was practically the chief of his contemporaries, amongst whom were Dufay and Binchois. Down to date very little of his music has been known. A three-part song was discovered some years ago in the Vatican, and there are two specimens of Dunstable's work in the British Museum; the first, according to the notice of the musician, written by Mr. Barclay Squire himself, being "an enigma which has not been deciphered." Others of Dunstable's compositions were found at Bologna and elsewhere, and these down to the date of Mr. Barclay Squire's recent find were supposed to be all the compositions yet extant of a truly remarkable man. At any rate, if these three Masses be genuine music which date before the Wars of the Roses, they ought to be of great historical interest.

PROFESSOR SPITTA of Berlin, the biographer of J. Seb. Bach, is now engaged on a biography of H. Marschner, the once popular operatic composer, who died in 1861. Marschner, though an almost unknown name in this country, is still popular in Germany, not through his operas, which are seldom played, but through his quartets for male voices, many of which enjoy an enormous popularity.

As some of the Berlin journals, and some English papers which have copied from them, have put forth untrue statements on these subjects, it will be only proper to say here that it is absolutely untrue that either Mme. Wagner or the banking firm of Feustel have ever taken any percentages on the receipts at Bayreuth. Mme. Wagner has a right to a certain amount, but she has never taken it: it has always been added to the reserve fund for future performances. Mmes. Materna and Sucher and Herr Betz (and, we believe, some other artists) gave their services gratuitously.

BRAHMS' new patriotic "Ode" for double chorus has lately been produced at Hamburg by Dr. Von Bülow. It is in three parts, the first dealing with the battle of Leipsic, which commenced, and the second with the battle of Sedan, which consolidated German unity, while the third section contains a warning against pride, and a solemn hymn of thanksgiving for peace.

WE hear that Herr Grieg recently inquired of the "Concert-Union" of Copenhagen whether the Society could afford him the opportunity of producing his new composition "Olaf Trygvason." The Society had already begun the rehearsal of another work, but at once declared itself willing to perform Herr Grieg's cantata, to which we referred a few weeks ago. The work will therefore be performed when Herr Grieg passes through Copenhagen on his next continental tour. The score will be published by Peters of Leipsic at Christmas.

CONSIDERABLE sensation has been excited in Buda-Pesth by the recurrence of what can only be malicious and persistent attempts to destroy the Opera House of that city. Within three weeks four such attempts at incendiarism have been made, but fortunately each has been discovered in time. Suspicion rests, it is said, on an "ouvrier," but no possible motive can be assigned.

THE New York Palestrina Choir of Mr. Caryl Florio is based on peculiar lines. The volunteer

members of the chorus are expected to pay a fine of two dollars each for every absence from rehearsal. The director tells me that four out of every five applicants are rejected. The rehearsals are conducted without accompaniments of any kind, the pitch being given only at the start. The two concerts announced, with music and preliminary expenses, will involve an outlay of one thousand dollars each, and there is no expectation of a profit. Among the works promised for the season is an elaborate composition of Spohr's, which has only been performed twice since it was written. Mr. Florio admits that these works are of colossal difficulty, but he claims that his carefully-selected chorus will be equal to all demands.

PETER SCHRAM, the famous Danish vocalist, has just declared his intention to retire from the part of Leporello, which he has sung one hundred and sixty-one times. The excellent reason assigned is that the vocalist has attained the age of seventy. He will, however, not finally retire, but will for the future shirk the part of Leporello and Mephistopheles.

A SWEDISH architect has invented a new system of building theatres by which danger from fire will be greatly lessened; his idea is to construct them in two separate parts, the stage to be fixed and the entire auditorium to be movable and placed on wheels in such a manner that it can be rolled away from the stage in the event of a fire occurring on the latter!

RUBINSTEIN is credited with the idea of starting a series of quinquennial musical competitions throughout Europe. It is said that he has deposited in a St. Petersburg bank the sum of 20,000 roubles, or about £2500. The prize in each competition will be about £250. It will be open to pianists and composers between the ages of twenty and twenty-six. The first competition will be held in St. Petersburg in 1890, the second in Berlin in 1895, the third at Vienna in 1900, and the fourth in Paris in 1905, should Rubinstein himself live so long.

THE ITALIANS have some remarkable subjects for ballets. Zucchi is to dance in one at the Dal Verme, Milan, next November, which is entitled "The Retreat from Russia." It is difficult to imagine Bonaparte representing the passage of the Beresina in pirouettes and "elevations."

MOZART, also, is to have a little Baireuth of his own. At Salzburg, his birthplace, a series of "model representations" of "Figaro's Hochzeit" has been organized, in which the most eminent singers of Germany are to take part. Hans Richter has promised to direct the performances, which are expected to surpass in excellence those of "Don Juan," which were given at Salzburg two years ago, on the occasion of Mozart's centenary.

EMIL GOETZE, the excellent Cologne tenor, who has been living in enforced retirement from public life for nearly two years on account of a throat malady, has lately made his re-appearance at the Cologne municipal theatre. The voice of the popular singer had lost nothing of its purity and power, and the audience testified, by numerous recalls, their pleasure at the return of their favourite tenor.

AN interesting souvenir of Mozart is in the possession of a family named Einert, now residing at Strehlen, near Dresden. This consists of a viola upon which the master often played. During his stay in Leipzig in 1789, he used often to play in quartets at the house of the burgomaster, Herr Einert, and on these occasions he made use of the instrument in question. Afterwards the family moved to Strehlen, where Mozart's viola is preserved as a precious relic.

THE following Haydn anecdote appears in a recent number of *Neue Musikzeitung*:—Haydn and his friend Dittersdorf were walking together one evening in the environs of Vienna, when they heard the sounds of one of Haydn's minuets, which, wretchedly played, came from the interior of a little *cabaret*. The two friends entered, and Haydn maliciously asked the *chef d'orchestre*, "By whom is that minuet?" "By Haydn," replied the other with pride. Upon which the master drily remarked, "It is the music of an imbecile." The violinist, furious at this insult to his favourite composer, without a word of warning brandished his instrument over Haydn's head. His companions followed his example, and had it not been for the intervention of Dittersdorf, a serious fracas might have ensued. Haydn never forgot this little incident, but often recurred to it with delight as an excellent joke.

A SERIES of promenade concerts on the model of those in London are to be given during the winter at Berlin. Vocalists from all parts of Europe are to be engaged for these concerts. Among others, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Madame Antoinette Sterling, and Madame Minnie Hauk are mentioned as likely to appear.

Better from Liverpool.

LIVERPOOL, October 1889.

DEAREST ALICE,—My budget of news is so large this month, that I am tempted to wish that my long-suffering note-paper could add elasticity to the list of its attributes.

The first Philharmonic Concert last Tuesday opened our musical season with great *éclat*. Needless to say we were all delighted to find ourselves once again in our favourite hall surrounded by familiar faces, and according a hearty welcome to our old friends the members of Hallé's orchestra. The veteran conductor received his full share of applause as he took his seat in the rostrum, looking as hale and hearty as if the seventy summers which have passed over his head had forgotten to bestow their customary souvenirs upon him. The only important change in the construction of the orchestra is that caused by the death of Otto Bernhardt, former leader of the violas. The place thus vacated is now filled by Simon Speelman, who has resigned his post at the first desk of the second violins in order to undertake the duties of his late friend; and Mr. Kettenus occupies Mr. Speelman's former position. The chorus has been materially strengthened, and performed its allotted task in a very creditable manner, although there is still room for improvement, the tenors especially being rather weak. But "Rome was not built in a day," and no doubt with time and hard practice the members of the Philharmonic chorus under the able tuition of their chorus-master, Mr. Branscombe, will some day astonish us all. The soloists of the evening were Señor Sarasate and Madame Nordica. Sarasate, who met with a most enthusiastic reception, played the Beethoven Concerto in D with the orchestras, and "Muiñeira," one of his own compositions. After the latter he was twice recalled, and delighted his hearers with one of his well-known Spanish Dances as an encore, in which he was accompanied by his faithful friend and companion, Otto Goldschmidt. We were all very much surprised at the choice of the concerto. Why should he, who of all artists is the player *par excellence* of modern music, and whose repertoire consists of so many novelties, be always asked to play the stock pieces of all other violinists, such as the concertos of Beethoven and Mendelssohn? The concertos by Lalo, the Liebes Fee and Suites by Raff, and a number of other new pieces were submitted for selection, but evidently the committee was anxious that we should

hear nothing new. Madame Nordica's contributions to the programme were Gounod's Valse from "Romeo e Giulietta," "Mignon" by Ambroise Thomas, and a ballad, "Cicalio," by Tito Mattei, all of which were rendered in her usual artistic manner. The *pièce de résistance* in the evening's bill of fare was the orchestral Suite "Peer Gynt" by Grieg, a work in which the nationality of the composer is forcibly shown in the numerous characteristic melodies which make up its composition. The Ballet Music from "Feramors" by Rubinstein, and Weber's Overture to "Der Freischütz," were also given, but they are so well known that I need not tell you anything further about them. Altogether it was a most enjoyable concert, and I hope its successors will be worthy of their predecessor. Afterwards we had one of our cosy little suppers in company with Sarasate, Goldschmidt, and one or two of the leaders of the orchestra. During his stay in Liverpool Sarasate spent a great deal of his time with Florrie and Henry, so I enjoyed several pleasant hours in his company. How passionately fond he is of dogs! We were all quite jealous of Jack, the little fox terrier, who monopolized his attention entirely when present. Henry had taught him a new trick in anticipation of Sarasate's visit; when asked, "What will you do for Spain?" he immediately stretched himself out full length on the floor, and remained there for some seconds apparently lifeless, meaning that he would die for Spain. You can well imagine how delighted the patriotic Spaniard was at this, and how numerous delectable wee morsels found their way from the dinner-table into a certain doggie's mouth. Before leaving for Leeds, Sarasate was presented with a photograph of his four-footed friend, to his intense delight. It is truly wonderful how all great men, be they musicians, painters, or statesmen, experience more genuine pleasure from an original but appropriate little gift, than from all the extravagantly costly presents with which they are generally loaded.

Of course you know that Sarasate and Goldschmidt are leaving Europe for a concert tour in America at the commencement of November. They are dreading the voyage, for both the celebrated violinist and his friend are shockingly bad sailors, and I must say that seven days' close companionship with *mal de mer* is not a cheery prospect for any one to look forward to. But if I go on chatting in this way I shall never get all I want to say within the reasonable limits of a letter, so I must curb my tongue, or rather my pen, and return to matters of an equally interesting but less "gossipy" nature. The next Philharmonic concert on October 22nd is to be devoted to the music of Scotland, and the "Macs" will rule the roast. Mr. Hamish MacCunn's cantata, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," is to be given for the first time in Liverpool, under the bâton of the composer, and the vocalists will be Miss Macintyre, Madame Marian M'Kenzie, Mr. Iver M'Kay, and Mr. Andrew Black. I would suggest that the audience should honour the occasion by its male portion donning the orthodox kilt, while we might appear in garments composed of those becoming tartans which the Duchess of Fife has made so fashionable this winter; the programme could also be adorned with the thistle as a delicate compliment to the nationality of the illustrious young composer.

The Liverpool Art Club opens its winter season on the 4th of November with a musical evening, at which the Willy Hess quartett party and a vocalist will make their appearance.

On the 26th of November Mr. Henri Falcke, a talented pianist of the French school, will give a recital at the Art Club, having rented the Gallery of that institution for the purpose. Mr. Falcke's programme is sure to be interesting, as he is very eclectic in his choice of *répertoire*, and as this is his first public appearance in Liverpool, the additional charm of novelty will no doubt contribute towards his success. I have heard him several times at Henry's house, and have always been delighted with his performances; those who are as yet strangers to the new and graceful productions of the French school should not fail to attend the recital.

You will no doubt remember my telling you that during the second Liverpool Exhibition in 1887, the only redeeming feature was the concerts given in the

large transept by Bartle's Band. These concerts were attended every evening during about six months by an audience of some 3000 people, who were treated to a well-considered, varied, and popular programme. The audience consisted principally of what is called the middle class,—a class, by the by, which, as a rule, is far more appreciative than the "upper ten." These concerts will now be resumed under Mr. Bartle's bâton, and under the management of Mr. Walter Burnet (Musical Director of our second Exhibition). For this purpose the large College Hall in Shaw Street, once the home of the Philharmonic Society, has been engaged. It is situated at the north end of the city, a neighbourhood eminently suitable for such an enterprise, as it is within an easy distance of all those who should be the patrons of popular concerts. One often hears complaints that there is nothing going on in Liverpool to compete with low music halls and pot-house entertainments. Well, now there is a chance coming for everybody who wishes to spend fortnightly a really pleasant evening. The prices of admission will be so low that they will be within the means of all classes, viz. one shilling for the body of the hall and sixpence in the gallery, with a few reserved balcony seats at two shillings. Considering the continuous patronage given to these same concerts at the 1887 Exhibition, there is no reason why their resumption, at a more conveniently situated place, should not meet with equal, if not greater, success. If our tradespeople and artisans will only see the advantages offered to them and their employés by such rational entertainments, and will recommend and support them accordingly, this movement may prove a departure fraught with important results for the musical future of our good old town.

And now, dear Sis, my hand refuses to write another syllable, so farewell for to-day.—Ever your loving sister, NETTA.

Edinburgh Musical Notes.

NIKITA.

THE musical season opened on the 28th September with a concert given by Nikita and her company. The numerous readers of the *Magazine of Music* in Edinburgh have long been familiar with the romantic story of Nikita's early years, and this, combined with the fame she has already won as a singer, no doubt accounts for the interest manifested in musical circles when the announcement was made that the distinguished young cantatrice was about to pay us a visit. The Music Hall was well filled in all parts, and the enthusiasm of the audience left no doubt that Nikita had added another to her long list of triumphs. To attempt to describe Nikita's beautiful voice, her marvellous maturity of style, and the witchery she exercises over her audience, would be a futile task, Magazine readers having had ample opportunity afforded them in these columns of learning all about this gifted little lady. Gounod's well-known waltz movement from "Romeo and Juliet" was given with exquisite finish, and in response to prolonged applause, the young prima donna delighted the audience with the inevitable "Within a Mile," very daintily and piquantly sung, but with the tempo much too hurried. "The Last Rose of Summer," Eckert's Echo Song, and "Home, Sweet Home," were each in its own especial way charmingly rendered, although one would fain see the "business" with the rose in the first-named song abandoned as being wholly unworthy of the great artiste Nikita is destined to be. Miss Emslie (contralto) was indisposed, but an excellent substitute was found in Miss Jeanie Ross, whose singing—after the one bright particular star—was by no means the least enjoyable feature of the concert. Mr. Claude Ravenshill sang several tenor solos with a very moderate degree of success, and

Mr. Hewson (bass) showed to most advantage in Emanuel's "Desert"—a singularly unequal song of the melo-dramatic class.

MR. CHARLES D'ALMAINE, violinist, made his first appearance before an Edinburgh audience, and his fine, though at times somewhat impure tone and clever execution seemed to create a decidedly favourable impression. This, however, he almost forfeited by the musical fustian chosen as part of his second selection, and which would have been much more suitable to the *répertoire* of a *café chantant* fiddle player. An admirable rendering of Raff's Cavatina was decidedly more worthy of his talent, and was certainly more complimentary to the audience. The concert was managed in capital style by Messrs. Methven, Simpson, & Co., who are now added to the list of Edinburgh *entrepreneurs*.

THE musical season, which has now got fairly under way, promises to be one of altogether exceptional activity. For some years past the Choral Union has been to a certain extent under a cloud, and it had almost ceased to be regarded as being of more importance than any of the numerous associations now flourishing in Edinburgh. This year, however, it is about to make a strong effort to regain its old position as the premier choral society, and it is easy to predict that if the members rise to the occasion the present season will rank as one of the most successful in the history of the Union. The works now in hand include Dr. A. C. Mackenzie's new Cantata "The Cottar's Saturday Night," and Villier Stanford's grand choral Ballad "The Revenge." The Union will be associated with August Manns' orchestra, and thus it goes without saying that so far as the instrumentation is concerned, the performance of these important works will be as nearly as possible perfect. Mr. Collinson is again conductor.

THE Hope Park Musical Association has now fairly earned the title to rank as one of our foremost societies. Goring Thomas' "Sun Worshippers" is now in rehearsal, and the fact that Dr. Stanford's new Cantata "The Voyage of Maeldune," which turned up the trump card of the Festival Committee at Leeds, is now in active preparation, speaks volumes for the spirited enterprise and laudable ambition of the Hope Parkers. Mr. J. A. Moonie is again conductor, and if circumstances permit he is anxious that another performance of Cowen's "Sleeping Beauty" should be given, the success of the performance last season having been wrecked by the freaks of an unrehearsed orchestra. The Male Voice Choir, which bears the name of its conductor, Mr. J. A. Moonie, will this year be heard in Felicien David's "The Desert," a work of great beauty. The choir, in addition to their own concert, have been engaged to appear at the Literary Institute, and there is also a possibility of an engagement being arranged at the Philosophical Institution.

THE list of concerts to be given under the direction of Messrs. Paterson & Son is an exceptionally brilliant one. Patti will be here on the 29th. The diva brings with her Madame Patey, Mr. Durward Lely, and Mr. Barrington Foote. The tickets, with the exception of a few at a guinea each, were snapped up within a few hours after the sale began, and no doubt long before the concert night arrives such a thing as a Patti ticket will not be procurable for love nor money. In connection with the six orchestral concerts organized by this enterprising firm, several distinguished artistes will appear. Among others the names of Stavenhagen, Henschel, Miss Margaret Macintyre, and Miss Liza Lehmann are conspicuous. What promises to be one of the finest concerts of the season will be given on the 16th November. The names of Madame Alwina Valleria, Miss Rees, Signor Foli, Mr. Orlando Harley, and Johannes Wolff and Tivadar Nachez (violinists) appear on the programme—a particularly strong combination.

SENOR SARASATE, who was assisted by Madame Marx (pianist) and Miss Florence Christie (contralto), appeared in the Music Hall on the 14th ult. before a large and brilliant audience. Many music-lovers were doubtless eager to hear Dr. Mackenzie's new violin concerto, "Pibroch," which the Senor had played for the first time at the Leeds Festival a few days previously. The great violinist was in superb form, and fairly enchanted his audience. The "Pibroch," with the orchestral part reduced to a pianoforte accompaniment, struck one as being a marvellously clever violin composition, teeming with bewildering difficulties, that place it hopelessly beyond the range of any player other than a Sarasate or a Joachim, but with the exception of a few stray snatches here and there, the three movements—Rhapsody, Caprice, and Dance—are almost destitute of anything like melodic charm. Madame Marx is a pianist of very high attainments, and her reception on this occasion will fully warrant a speedy return visit. Miss Florence Christie sang pleasingly, her most successful efforts being the Faust flower song and the Scottish ballad "Annie Laurie." With this concert Messrs. Paterson may be said to have opened their season under the most brilliant auspices.

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SIR CHARLES HALLÉ and Madame Neruda gave their first annual concert on the 19th ult. There was a good audience, and it need only be recorded that these incomparable artistes exhibited all the qualities which have won for them so unique a place in the musical world. This concert was as usual under the management of Messrs. Wood & Co.

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AN exceedingly fine ballad concert was given in the Music Hall on the 21st ult. With such-established favourites as Mrs. Mary Davies, Madame Antoinette Sterling, Mr. Henry Guy, Mr. Frederick and Mr. Auguste Van Biene on the programme, it is needless to say the entertainment provided was of unexceptionable quality. Mdlle. Janotha (pianist) and Miss Nettie Carpenter (violinist) contributed largely to the success of a most pleasurable concert.

Music in Bristol.

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THE musical season in Bristol has now fairly begun, though, at the date on which I write, there is no event of special importance to chronicle, more having been done in the way of preparation than of performance. But we are encouraged to look forward to a great deal that is interesting, both as to the regular annual gatherings, and to the efforts of new, or comparatively new, societies. Prominent amongst the former class are the two concerts announced by the Musical Festival Society for November 1st and 2nd, when Gounod's "Mors et Vita," performed by the Festival Choir and Sir Charles Hallé's Band, with first-rate solo vocalists, will be, though by no means the only, yet perhaps the chief attraction. It will be the first opportunity that Bristolians have had of hearing this great work in their city, and this fact should of itself fill the Colston Hall. Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream," and a good miscellaneous selection, form the programme of the evening's concert on the 1st, Gounod's oratorio being reserved for the afternoon of the 2nd. Bi-weekly rehearsals are being held, and Mr. Rootham is sparing no pains to ensure a worthy discharge of their duties by his chorus. The Festival Society are ever liberal to us in the matter of principals, and this time is no exception to the rule. The names of Madame Nordica, Miss Macintyre, Miss Danian, Madame Enriquez, Messrs. Iver M'Kay, Maldwyn Humphreys, and Herr Henschel, are surely sufficient for the most exacting audience. The classes for class-singing and sight-reading in connection with this Society have begun their meetings, which will be continued during the winter.

The Madrigal Society, conducted by Mr. D. Rootham, will give its annual "Ladies' Night" early in January, when it is intended to produce several new compositions, some of which are contri-

buted by local pens. The Orpheus Glee Society, under the direction of Mr. George Riseley, will adhere to its usual date of the last Thursday before Lent, for its annual concert. Some time in the spring, too, this Society is to give a second concert in St. James's Hall, London, when it is hoped that the approval they won on their first performance there in May last, may be confirmed.

The Bristol Gleemen will give their third annual concert in December, under the conductorship of Mr. W. Kidner. Four different series of Chamber Concerts are being organized, so that we may hope that this branch of the art is "looking up." Mr. Liebhich (assisted by Signor Darmaro), Mr. Carrington (assisted by F. Huxtable and Mr. A. Waite), Mr. J. Pomeroy (assisted by Herr Josef Ludwig and others), and Miss Mary Lock (assisted by Messrs. Hudson, Gardner, and E. Pavey) are the promoters of the schemes, and we trust that their efforts will meet with hearty support.

The Bristol Musical Association intends as usual to give a series of Popular Saturday Concerts during the winter, especially intended for the working classes, the tickets being placed at a merely nominal price.

The Society of Instrumentalists, formed last season, has resumed its weekly rehearsals. It affords excellent opportunities to amateurs to study the orchestral works of the greatest masters; and the numbers of the Society, now increased to 150, show that these gatherings are appreciated. As before, the leader is Mr. T. Carrington, and the conductor, Mr. G. Riseley.

Mr. John Barrett's choir has also begun winter work, and Haydn's "Seasons" is to be performed at the annual concert in the spring.

It is also intended to give special musical services at some of the churches of Clifton and Bristol, notably that of St. Mary Redcliffe, during the seasons of Advent and Lent, when several works of importance will be performed.

A new musical body, under the title of "The Bristol Choral Society," has been lately formed, which has for its object the practice and performance of large choral works, with orchestral accompaniment. There is a very imposing list of vice-presidents (the president being the Rev. T. E. Brown of Clifton College), and a large mixed committee. Also some hundreds of honorary members, these being annual subscribers of a guinea and upwards towards the support of the Society, in consideration of which they receive privileges in the way of tickets for the performances. There are about 350 singing members, who pay the annual subscription of 5s. each, and the choral rehearsals are held weekly. The orchestra will be mainly a professional one, and monthly united practices of choir and band will be held under the direction of Mr. G. Riseley, who has been selected as the conductor of the Society.

The works chosen for study during the present season are Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" and "Hymn of Praise," Schumann's "Requiem," and "Brahms' Requiem."

There is a long list of "Rules," some of which are perhaps not particularly judicious, but though there may be room for two opinions as to some of the arrangements, this fact need not interfere with the pleasure of listening to the finished performance which may reasonably be expected from a body of singers and instrumentalists who have enjoyed the advantage of weekly rehearsals during a whole winter, under the able guidance of Mr. G. Riseley.

Music at Scarborough.

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THE season at Scarborough, both musical and otherwise, is now very near its close, and with the exception of a few minor local events, the music has departed with the visitors. During the last month we had a visit from Sir Charles and Lady Hallé, who gave a pianoforte and violin recital in the Grand Hall, which was

attended by a large audience. The programme was an excellent one, and it was very evident from the manner in which Sir Charles played the opening item, "thirty-two variations on an original air in C minor" (Beethoven), that he had lost none of his wonderful touch and skilful execution. Lady Hallé gave a most charming rendering of Rust's Suite in D minor, and her playing of the Fugue movement was a real treat. In her second solo she played a "Barcarolle in G" (Spohr) with exquisite taste, while her rendering of the concluding piece, "Moto perpetuo in G" (F. Ries), was indeed something to be remembered. The music for the concert had been unfortunately left behind at Folkestone, and although the greater part had been obtained in the town, there were one or two alterations, because, as Sir Charles facetiously remarked, "They would be unable to read it at that distance."

A very successful concert was also given by Madame Maria Roze, who was accompanied by Miss Carlotta Desgrignes (contralto), Mr. Durward Lely (tenor), Mr. Andrew Black (baritone), Signor Simonelli (solo violin), Signor Bisaccia (pianoforte). The famous prima donna was in splendid voice, and sang "Robert, toi que j'aime" (Meyerbeer) in her best style, while the familiar "Habanera" from "Carmen" was also well sung. Mr. Durward Lely made a most favourable impression, and he gave a capital rendering of Donizetti's Aria "Una furtiva lagrima;" while Mr. Andrew Black was equally successful in his interpretation of the Toreador song from "Carmen." Signor Bisaccia played the accompaniments in that accomplished and tasteful style which usually distinguishes his playing.

Promenade concerts are given each evening in the Grand Hall on the Spa, and amongst the vocalists who have already appeared are Miss Eugenie Kemble and Miss Frances Hepwell; but even these concerts terminate on the 9th of next month, and then for at least six months to come the inhabitants are content to let the splendid concert hall remain untenanted, while the three theatres which the town possesses are only opened at holiday time by the managers, who have learnt by experience that they must wait until the arrival of the visitors makes it worth their while to cater for the public. Scarborough may be enterprising and progressive in many things, but the lack of facilities for the furtherance and stimulation of musical education amongst its people by means of high-class musical performances through the winter, and other methods, is a reflection upon its public men, which is by no means improved when it is well known that they are obliged to provide music of the highest excellence for the visitors, upon whom its prosperity mainly depends.

Music in North Staffordshire.

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THE musical season in North Staffordshire has commenced, with every prospect of its being unusually full and interesting.

The first of a series of twelve popular concerts, arranged by the Hanley Town Council, was given in the Victoria Hall on October 7th. The artistes engaged were Signor Tito Mattei, Mdlle. Marie Schumann, the violinist, and Mdlle. Titiens. Signor Mattei played Chopin's beautiful Nocturne in D flat, and several of his own compositions; and with Mdlle. Schumann the duet for piano and violin on airs from "Don Giovanni." Each item was given with the wonderful technique and brilliancy for which this well-known pianist is conspicuous. Mdlle. Schumann was heard on this occasion for the first time in the district. She played, in addition to the piece mentioned above, the Andante and Finale from Mendelssohn's Concerto for violin, an Adagio by Max Bruch, and Sarasate's Zapateado; and as an encore Raff's Cavatina. Mdlle. Schumann, although apparently young, gives unmistakable evidence of being an accomplished and refined musician, and with experience will no doubt become a musician of the first rank. Mdlle. Titiens

evidently did not fulfil the expectations formed of her, but was sufficiently successful to be twice encored.

A miscellaneous concert was announced to be given on October 25th, the performers being Mdlle. Louise Dotti, Mdlle. Agnes Jansen, Mr. Reginald Groome, and Mr. Reginald Clive (members of Her Majesty's Opera Company), Mrs. Alice Shaw, the celebrated siffleuse, and Mdlle. Isabella Levallois, solo violin.

A military concert was announced for the following week to be given by the band of the Royal Horse Guards, under the conductorship of Mr. Charles Godfrey.

Gilbert and Sullivan's opera, "The Yeomen of the Guard," paid its second visit to Hanley Theatre Royal on September 22nd, and was played by a good all-round company to crowded houses during the week; whilst the Carl Rosa Light Opera Company in "Paul Jones," and the Carl Rosa Grand Opera Company were booked at the Theatre Royal, Longton, for October 14th and 21st. respectively, the latter company appearing in "Robert the Devil," "Lohengrin," "Faust," "Bohemian Girl," "Carmen," "Star of the North," and "Lucia di Lammermoor."

The various local musical societies have again begun work. The Newcastle-under-Lyne Philharmonic Society intends giving "Judas Maccabæus" at the end of December, and will probably give Sullivan's "Golden Legend" later in the season. The Stoke-upon-Trent Philharmonic Society, which now enters upon its fourteenth year of existence, is engaged upon the rehearsal of Dr. Prout's Cantata, "The Red Cross Knight," and a selection of Handelian choruses. A new feature of this Society, the formation of an orchestral section, which will assist at the several concerts, and in course of time do away with the expense of extraneous assistance. The Hanley and Shelton Philharmonic Society will perform during the season Gade's "Spring Message," Dvorák's "Stabat Mater," and A. R. Gaul's "Joan of Arc."

The Patti concert, announced for November 13th, promises to be a brilliant success; most of the seats being already secured. The great prima donna will sing the scena from the Finale of "La Sonnambula," the new Ave Maria on Bach's Second Prelude, by Charles Gounod, and, with Madame Patey, the grand duo, "Quis est Homo," from Rossini's "Stabat Mater." An additional attraction will be given by the appearance of Mdlle. Eissler, the violinist.

Plymouth Notes.

AFTER the holidays, Plymouth is rapidly settling down once more to its wonted musical activity. Concerts of a minor sort, which the readers of the *Magazine of Music* would not thank me for alluding to, are already in full swing. But, as regards matters that the general public take any interest in, the present attitude is largely one of anticipation. For example, Nikita is announced, in terms which would satisfy her most ardent admirers,—"the only other Patti." The names of her associates are not yet published; but, whoever they are, such flattering heralding ought to be a stimulus to curiosity in those who have not yet heard the young American.

As usual, Madame Albani will sing for the Private Choral and Orchestral Society, the work in contemplation being Dr. Bridge's "Callirhoe." Also, as usual, Madame Nordica has been engaged for the Plymouth Vocal Association,—this time in a miscellaneous programme. I wonder how many provincial towns of equal size can boast two such large and enterprising musical associations?

The famous String Band of the Royal Artillery performed here recently, and of course delighted a

very large audience. The only matter specially noteworthy in the performance was the remarkable popularity with the audience of the clever whistling effects introduced. The instrumentalists were in the favour of their audience before a note had been played—simply for reputation's sake; but they certainly whistled themselves into it more deeply as the concert proceeded!

Two ladies of Plymouth birth, Miss Ada Patterson and Miss Marian M'Kenzie, assisted at a successful concert in aid of the Choir Benevolent Fund on October 9th. Both these artistes, of course, are well known and appreciated in a large circle; but it goes without saying that in the West their reception is especially hearty.

IN some future number, I hope to contribute some particulars of the life and experiences of Mr. H. Froehner, the popular and accomplished director of the Royal Marine Band here. His life has been eventful, and his experiences have been a little out of the ordinary:—*ergo*, all readers will be interested.

A. P.

Leicester Musical Notes.

ON Thursday evening, October 3rd, Mr. Alfred C. Nicholson was accorded a monstrous benefit, in the shape of a "Musical Festival," at the Floral Hall. A powerful array of talent was brought together to assist the popular *beneficiare*. In addition to a glee party, fourteen bands and two hundred instrumentalists took part in the "Benefit," which must have been deserving of the name, for the huge hall was packed from floor to ceiling. Although the acoustic properties of the immense hall are not the best suited for vocalization, yet the executants rendered their numbers with satisfactory results, and were well received. The bands which took part in the Festival were the "Borough Police," "The Volunteer," "3rd Battalion Leicestershire Regiment," "Prince Albert's Own Yeomanry Cavalry," also the "Volunteer Drum and Fife," "St. Margaret's," "East Leicester," "Highfields," "North Leicester," "New Leicester," "Albion Bands," "Messrs. Richardson's," and the "Leicestershire Military" Bands. The programme, of a varied and interesting description, was carried through with great success.

ON Sunday, October 6th, "Kalliwoda's Mass" was given at the Holy Cross Chapel, Wellington Street, with a full orchestral accompaniment. Herr Klee (the first violinist of the Royal Opera House) ably conducted. The service proved eminently successful, showing that great care and practice had been judiciously bestowed on the work.

ON the same evening, at the Floral Hall, a Sacred Concert of vocal and instrumental music was given by a party of "Swiss Mountaineers," that style themselves the "Jungfrau Kapelle Orchestra and Choir" (who recently appeared before the Queen). The programme was of a highly musical and comprehensive order. They were also ably assisted by Mrs. T. Russell and Mr. A. Page, who acquitted themselves in a thoroughly artistic and creditable manner; the different vocal and instrumental numbers being well received by an appreciative, although not overcrowded audience.

LEICESTER'S "Cheap and Popular" Musical Evenings are held in the Floral Hall, and we have to thank the manager of that hall, who does much for "the million," and musical novelties that come to Leicester usually gravitate to "The Floralfes." During the month we have had the latest invention of the marvellous Edison, his latest phonograph, under the managerial care and guidance of Professor

Douglas Archibald, M.A., who for several evenings explained the marvels of the phonograph to large and deeply interested audiences, who manifested great curiosity during the entertainments. The wonderful phonograph gave exhibitions of loud records through the funnel, and was heard by the entire audience. The Cornet "Polka," "National Airs" by a Brass Band, "May Bloom" by a German Band, "Rifle March" by a Street Band, "Coach Calls," "Coach Horn Tunes," "Drum" by Mr. Dunn of Liverpool, a Trombone Solo, a Speech and Song made on the stage, the local band performing, were all reproduced and heard by the audience, as were other subjects too numerous to mention. It is the most marvellous bit of mechanism extant; for ages it will talk, sing, whistle, and play music loudly and clearly, and repeat all that human ingenuity can devise to create sound, without the loss of a single vibration.

HERR RICHTER, our local pianist, who is rising in popular favour in "Classical Musical Circles," gave his first pianoforte recital at the Temperance Hall on Thursday evening, October 3rd. The musical public enjoyed a great treat, under Herr Richter's careful and artistic manipulation. Herr Richter has announced three other Recitals, to take place at the Temperance Hall on the afternoon and evening of November 13th, and Thursday evening, February 6th, 1890.

LEICESTERSHIRE TEMPERANCE UNION CHOIR.—On Saturday evening, October 12th, a very successful concert was given by the choir at the Temperance Hall. The programme was the same as given at the Crystal Palace in July last. Amongst the "gems" of the evening was "Punchinello," tastefully sung by Miss Annie Stanyon, and deservedly encored. An encore was also accorded to Mr. Allingham for his cornet solo, and Mr. Neal for violin solo, both being exceptionally fine. Mr. George Merral efficiently conducted.

Notes from Leeds.

THE Festival being now over, every one is beginning to look for the prospectuses of the ordinary winter schemes. The Leeds Subscription Concerts having paid their way last season for the first time for some years, will be continued during the coming winter. It has, unfortunately, been a matter of obligation to revert to the Town Hall, as the Coliseum is no longer available for concert uses. There promises to be no falling off in the matter of musical efficiency, in fact the ballad concerts of last year have been replaced by others on a musical level with their fellows, which now consist of three orchestral and three chamber music evenings, and amongst other works there will be heard the G minor Symphony of Mozart, and the Eroica and Scotch Symphonies, Beethoven's Pianoforte Concerto in C minor, and several extracts from the works of Richard Wagner, as well as Schubert's Octet and Mozart's G minor Quintet. Sir Charles Halle's orchestra will again be present, and later in the season Herr Joachim will appear. The first concert is on the 6th inst.

The Leeds Philharmonic Society are already in an advanced state in the preparation of "St. Paul," which work will be produced at the opening concert on the 20th. The "Messiah" will again be given a week prior to Christmas, and the season will conclude on 19th March next with Dvorák's "Spectre's Bride" and MacCunn's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," the latter being a novelty in the town. It is hoped that negotiations already in progress may be completed with Miss Macintyre, Madame Nordica, Miss Pillinger, Mr. Mills, Mr. Brereton, and others. The schemes of Mr. E. Haddock (who, by the way, is on tour with Mr. Sims Reeves) and Mr. F. Dawson have not reached me, but the former will continue his "Musical Evenings" at an early date.

Music in Devonshire.

THE past few weeks have been rather busy ones in musical circles in this county. But as exigencies of space will not allow of a general review, only the more prominent matters can come in for notice. The Festivals of the various choral societies in the county have been attended with much success. The distinguishing feature was the marked improvement in the character of the work done, attesting the value of these societies as aids in the cultivation of the art of music.—Lord Sidmouth presided at the annual meeting of the Exeter Diocesan Choral Association, Lord Coleridge—who had been announced to preside—being prevented by indisposition from attending. The treasurer's report showed a satisfactory balance in hand. It was decided that the choirs from the Archdeaconry of Barnstaple should be invited to meet in the cathedral for the Festival of 1890.—A company of ladies and gentlemen, members of the Exeter Amateur Dramatic Society, gave three representations of "Helena in Troas," written after the Greek manner by Mr. John Todhunter, with incidental music and accompaniments by Mr. B. Luard Selby. There was a full orchestra, conducted by Mr. E. M. Vinnicombe, L.R.A.M., with Mr. C. E. Bell as leader. All who took part deserve congratulation for the efficient rendering.—The annual service in aid of the Choir Benevolent Fund was another successful event—musically, at any rate—though I am afraid the fund profited very little by it. The musical portion of the service in the cathedral was rendered by able vocalists drawn from various choirs of different cathedrals in the country. The result was a great musical treat. The cathedral was crowded, and it has been remarked that seldom has such a splendid combination of voices been heard in the building. Mr. D. J. Wood, cathedral organist, conducted with his characteristic skill. The Bishop preached. For the evening concert in the Victoria Hall a capital programme had been arranged, the only fault to be found with which was its length. There were no less than twenty-three numbers, and as several were encored, the concert was spun beyond the endurance of many people, who left before the conclusion. I regret to say the attendance did not come up to expectation, but those who were present had a most enjoyable concert. Among the vocalists were Miss Marian M'Kenzie, Miss Ada Patterson, Messrs. Gawthrop and Shepley (Her Majesty's Chapel Royal), and Messrs. Kenningham and De Lacy (St. Paul's). The other choirs represented in connection with the gathering were Westminster Abbey, Eton College, St. George's Chapel (Windsor), and Bristol, Gloucester, Norwich, Salisbury, Truro, Wells, and Worcester.—Mr. D'Oyley Carte's "Yeomen of the Guard" Company opened the new theatre a few days since. The company was evenly balanced, and gave a capital rendering of the popular work. Mr. G. James, of Exeter, is the new conductor of the orchestra; Mr. Sidney, the first cornet.—The annual meeting of the Western Counties Musical Association has been just held, the Dean of Exeter in the chair. A very satisfactory report was presented, showing a steady increase in the number of members, the greater number of whom attended the practices with great punctuality. The financial results of the last Festival were highly satisfactory. The works performed last year included "The Woman of Samaria" and "Callirhoe," both new to Exeter. The latter work was personally conducted by the composer (Dr. Bridge), who expressed his high approbation of the manner in which it was performed. The works selected for the next Festival (in April) include Handel's "Messiah," Brahms' "Song of Destiny," and Hamish MacCunn's "Lord Ullin's Daughter," the two latter new to Exeter. The Dean hoped the Association would at no distant date produce some of Spohr's works, which he considered were not nearly so well known as they deserved to be.—We are now looking forward to the

first of Mr. Farley Sinkins' subscription concerts for the season, to be given early in November. The party is a distinguished one even for Exeter, and includes Nikita and Mdle. Janotha.

W. C.

Patents.

THIS list is specially compiled for the *Magazine of Music* by Messrs. Rayner & Cassell, patent agents, 37 Chancery Lane, London, W.C., from whom information relating to patents may be had gratuitously.

- 14,234. Improvements in music leaf turners. Richard Bell and Thomas John Locke. Sept. 10th.
- 14,306. A process of making barrels for musical instruments. Luther Adelbert Barber. Sept. 10th.
- 14,345. Improvements in the electro-pneumatic action of organs. Richard George Goatcher. Sept. 11th.
- 14,392. Improvements in music stands. Clement William B. Madden. Sept. 12th.
- 14,465. A novel musical instrument. James Hickison. Sept. 13th.
- 14,518. An improved organ pedal. Frederick William Barker. (Grace L. Foster, United States.) Sept. 13th.
- 14,598. Improved pneumatic slide valve for draw stop action in organs. George Tucker. Sept. 17th.
- 14,667. Improvements in piano actions. Harry Lyman Hone. Sept. 17th.
- 14,983. Improvements in stringed musical instruments. Lucius Virgil Barnard. Sept. 23rd.
- 15,014. Organs. Henry Fordham. Sept. 24th.
- 15,054. Improvements in pianofortes. Leopold Alfred Squire. Sept. 24th.
- 15,088. Improvements in musical instruments. Walter Brierley. Sept. 25th.
- 15,271. An improved musical notation. William Grimmond, jun. Sept. 28th.
- 15,630. A novel attachment for banjos. George Kemp Jones. Oct. 4th.
- 15,653. Improvements in or relating to hydraulic engines employed for blowing organs. William Wadsworth. Oct. 5th.

SPECIFICATIONS PUBLISHED.

15,450. Cunningham. Banjos, etc.	1888. 8
8,366. Welte. Musical instruments.	1889. 8
12,441. Lewis. Organs, etc.	1889. 6
14,586. Brindley. Organs.	1889. 6
11,171. Wunnenburg. Flute.	1889. 6

The above specifications published may be had of Messrs. Rayner & Cassell, patent agents, 37 Chancery Lane, London, W.C., at the prices quoted.

New Musical Studies.

BOOK II.

ON TOUCH.

By BERNARD ALTHAUS.

CHAPTER IX.

THE EQUAL TOUCH AND THE UNEQUAL.

ONLY through slow and patient practice can you obtain the desired result—quick execution.

a. Staccato, holding the fingers in an upright position over the keys, and shortening each note by half its value.

b. Lightly dropping the fingers on key after key.

The wrist must be in all cases perfectly loose. (See "Gymnastics," Magazine, August 1886 till May 1887.)

c. The staccatissimo touch,

by which every note is reduced to a third or fourth of its original value. Every finger is drawn off the key as rapidly as possible.

All these touches have been fully described in former numbers.

It is a fact, that the fingers become quicker through the use of the above touches. But I must warn the student, as the fingers grow more supple and quick, to resist the growing temptation of practising fast, as that would only exhaust the fingers, and waste the newly gained strength and elasticity. But fingers must not only never be overworked or exhausted, but continually be strengthened. I have often seen groups or sequences of minims marked by the composer with an \gg on each note, which by most people is taken to be equally full. But perfect equality would, if not altogether objectionable or impossible under certain exceptional circumstances, yet be highly undesirable in the interests of musical expression. The effect, even in a short passage, of a completely equal touch applied to a group of several notes, appears to my mind dull and heavy, musically monotonous.

We know already that, in a set of notes marked thus— $\cdot \cdot \cdot$, every note must indeed be played equally short, yet not equally full also. Fullness must vary according to the higher or lower pitch of the notes, etc.

When a note is several times repeated, it is given— $\text{cresc. and decresc. or: } \text{cresc. only, or } \text{decrescendo only}$, unless the composer has given different directions.

Very useful, practically, is the occasional employment of an equally full touch in learning to play a piece by heart.

It is a fact, that the "pressing out" of notes will impress them on the tips of the fingers. It is one of the means at all events of committing music to memory. But even here I should limit the application of this touch to passages of all kinds, and most of all to the separate practice of the bass. As the bass is the very fundament on which the music rests, every chance of uncertainty in the touch or the correctness of notes ought to be precluded; but it is a fact that, in playing by heart, most people make mistakes in the bass notes. Even a commonplace bass ought in such cases (1) to be practised separately, all through with a full touch, (2) with an accent on the first note of each bar only. In a piece like Chopin's Grand Valse in A flat, where the bass chiefly consists of single notes, octaves and chords, mostly crotchets, which, of course, in a very quick piece must be considered short notes, it might be practised all through with one of the staccato touches. But I repeat, that all such practice ought to be very careful and slow to be of lasting good, and that the left hand, after every eight or sixteen bars, ought to be allowed a short rest, the right hand meanwhile practising something else.

All this requires a great deal of good-will, attention, judgment, self-denial, and devotion to the music, to carry it into practice.

The occasional practice of the equally full touch may be also considered in the light of a tonic, or a medicine, to correct slovenly, untidy habits, and to strengthen the general system, or also as a sort of concentrated food for the fingers. Little therefore will go a long way. The student or the "patient," who takes too large doses at a time, will be doing himself perhaps an irreparable injury, just as he who swallows bottles full of medicine tonics or foods in a day, thinking he might get better more rapidly, will very likely only poison himself, when a tablespoonful every few hours would have acted beneficially.

Unequal the touch must of necessity be (1) in a crescendo and decrescendo, (2) in a ritardando and accelerando, etc. In the first instance notes ought to become gradually fuller or gradually softer, in the second gradually fuller and so slower, or lighter and by that means quicker. For we can make notes slower by a more lingering touch, quicker by a softer and slighter touch. But, in regular time, a crescendo and decrescendo are attended with risks. In the one instance notes may become too long in consequence of too heavy a touch; in the other too short by too slight a touch. It therefore requires great exactitude and strict attention to prevent, in the one case, the time from unduly being dragged, and in the other from getting too quick. A little practice with the metronome will show the student or self-teacher, when and where he gets too slow or too quick. He must learn to play equally quick and yet unequally full or soft.

If he has a musical soul, a little practice with the metronome will also show him what would become of music were it all to be played equally in strict time. What would become of expression? and what should we gain instead? dream monotony; while we would lose all that makes music beautiful and interesting.

(End of the Book on Touch.)

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Arthur Sullivan



Magazine of Music Supplement, November 1889.

containing also.

WANDERER'S NIGHT SONG,
by F. Schubert.

The OUTCAST,



WORDS BY

Descriptive Song,

Mary L. Ritter,

(NEW YORK)

Music by

ARTHUR H. CROSS,

(SANDRINGHAM)

London.

MAGAZINE OF MUSIC OFFICE.
ST. MARTINS HOUSE, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

WANDERER'S NIGHT SONG.

Lento.

High a-mid the hills reigns re - pose, And through the

dark tree-tops there blows Scarce - ly a breeze: The birds are si - lent,

si - lent on the branch - es, On - ly wait, wait and soon thou too shalt be at

ease. On - ly wait, wait and soon thou too shalt be at ease.

p *pp* *cresc.* *p* *pp*

THE OUTCAST.

Words by
MARY L. RITTER.
(NEW YORK.)

Descriptive Song.

Music by
ARTHUR H. CROSS, A. C. O.
(SANDRINGHAM)
Organist to the Prince of Wales.

Allegro agitato.

Bleak winds of

win - ter sob - bing and moan - ing. Pluck not my rags with your

pi - ti - less hand Here in the dark - ness, cold and des -

pair - ing Home - less and friend - less, and starv - ing I stand.

pp *simile* *dim. e rall.* *col canto*

rall. *a tempo* *p* *pp*

f precipitato

Scourged by the white ic - y whips of the temp - est, I

molto agitato

rit.

wan - der for - lorn on my de - so late way

a tempo

agitato

For - got - ten of earth and for - sa - ken of

rall. *p*

Heaven. Too fro - zen to kneel and too hung - ry to

col canto *col canto* *rall.*

pray. *a tempo*

morendo *p*

Andante marcato.

sf.

Hark! mid night. The chime from the church-tower a - bove - me Drops

e dim. *rall.*

rall. *Largo e sostenuto.*

so - lemn - ly down through the whirl of the storm. If one could but pass through the gate to the por - tal, Could

col canto

pp *rit.* *rit. poco a poco accel.* *Tempo I.* *agitato disperato*

rit. *rit. poco a poco accel.* *Tempo I.* *agitato disperato*

sleep there, and dream it was light - ed and warm. Give way, cru - el bars! let me

col canto *col canto* *accel.* *agitato* *Tempo I.* *string.*

p Recit. *Tempo I.*

through to a re - fuge! Give way! but I - rave, and the fierce winds re - ply: "No

mormorando

room in His house for His va - ga - bond chil - dren No

mormorando

marcato il basso

rit. *più mosso*

room in His porch for an out - cast to die? No

più mosso

poco a poco accel.

room in the dwell - ings. — No room in the chur - ches, No

poco a poco accel.

slargando

room in the pri - son — for hun - ger's no crime;

col canto *dim. a tempo*

a tempo *misterioso*

Is there room in the bed of the ri - ver, I

ritard.

won - der Deep down by the pier in the ooze and the

dim. *col canto*

abbandono *stringendo* *a tempo* *ff*

slime? Mock on, taunting wind! I can laugh back an an - swer An

sf *cre* *scen* *- do*

allargando

hour, and your bit - ter - est breath I de - fy; Since bars shut me

ten. *ten.*

allargando

elevazione

out of God's house a - mong mor - tals, I will knock at the

elevazione

Largando

gate of His home in the sky!.....

Largando *sf*

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